The Saturday Evening Post

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IF.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

If our path were strewed with roses
That concealed no stinging thorn;
If the hour when one joy closes
Saw another newly born—
If our dreams were full of beauty,
And our waking hours of peace,
Would we feel for those whose duty
Never gives their hearts release?

If our dwelling were a palace,
Where we knew no pang or pain,
Where the red wine in life's chalice
Bore no bitterness, no bane—
Would our sympathies awaken,
Would our velvet hands be spread
For the outcast, the forsaken,
Who has neither home nor bread?

If our raiment were the fairest
That the Indies could afford;
If the daintiest food and rarest
Daily crowned our glittering board,
Could our full hearts know the sorrow
Of the patient, toiling poor,
Who tremble lest to-morrow
Bring gaunt famine to their door?

If we knew no lack, no losses,
Disappointment, toil, nor care,
Would we succor him whose crosses
Are too wearisome to bear?
If we slept on silken couches
Prankt with costly gems, and gold,
Would we pity him who crouches
By the wayside in the cold?

If the world were juster, truer,
In its censure and its praise—
If our doubts and fears were fewer;
Fewer weary nights and days;
If there were no graves behind us
Where the loved and lost ones sleep,
No sweet memories to bind us,
Would we weep with those who weep?

If our hopes were never blasted—
If our love grew never cold;
If our strength and beauty lasted
Till a hundred years were told,
Would our hearts be humbly given
To the giver of such bliss—
Would we ever think of heaven
As a better place than this?

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNCIL OF THE ULMENS.

The Indians, while collecting their dead, sought in vain the corpse of the white man, and persuaded themselves that his comrades had carried it off. The latter, on the other hand, reproached themselves bitterly for having left their brother's body in the hands of the Pagans.

Now, what had become of Pedrito?

The bombero was one of those iron men, whom a powerful will leads to their object, and whom death alone can conquer. He wished, therefore, to be present at the council of the chiefs, the high import of which he suspected; and instead of throwing his life away in an unequal struggle, he found in Nocobotha's shot the pretext he was seeking. As time pressed, he pretended to be mortally wounded, and both friends and enemies had been duped by his stratagem.

So soon as he had slipped down off his horse, by favor of the darkness and combat, he was able, either by crawling like a lizard, or leaping like a couguar, to hide himself in the hollow trunk of the tree of Gualichu. There he buried himself beneath a pile of objects offered by the devotion of the Indians, and was as safe as in the fortress of Carmen. However, like a bold hunter, who has always time to be killed, he had not thrown his weapons away. His first care was, without respect for Gualichu, to wrap up his arm in a piece of cloth, in order to prevent the flow of blood from his wound; then he arranged himself as well as he could, with his head thrust slightly forward, to see the scene that was about to take place.

All the chiefs were already assembled, and Lucanoy, Ulmen of the Pueliches, was the first to speak.

"The Spaniard who dared to introduce himself among us, in order to violate the secret of our deliberations, is dead; we are alone; let us begin the ceremony."

"It shall be done, according to the desire of my brother, the Ulmen of the Pueliches," Nocobotha answered; "where is the wise matchi?"

"Here," said a tall, thin man, whose face was striped in different colors, and who was dressed like a woman.

"Let the wise matchi approach and accomplish the rites."

"A matchitun is necessary," the sorcerer said, in a solemn voice.

The usual preparations for this conjuration were immediately made. Two lances were planted, one on the right, one on the left of the sacred tree; on the left hand one were hung a drum, and a vessel filled with fermented liquor; twelve other vessels, containing the same liquor, were ranged in a circle from one lance to the other. A sheep and a colt were brought in, and deposited

THE COUNCIL OF THE ULMENS.

near the vessels, and two old squaws placed themselves by the side of the drum. The preparations terminated, the matchi turned to Nocobotha.

"Why does the Ulmen of the Aucas ask for the matchitun?" he asked.

Metipan stepped out of the circle.

"An hereditary hatred has for a long time separated the Aucas and the Pehuenches," he said; "the interest of all the great nations desires the end of this hatred. Kelsulepan, my ancestor, Ulmen of the Pehuenches, carried off a white slave belonging to Medzelipatai, Toqui of the Aucas, and great-grandfather of Nocobotha.

"Before the assembled chiefs, in the face of heaven, I have come to tell Nocobotha, the descendant of Yupanqui, the son of the sun, that my ancestor behaved badly to his, and I am ready, in order to extinguish all discord, past, present, and future, to give him here a white, young, lovely, and virgin slave."

"I give up, before Gualichu," Nocobotha answered, "the hatred which my nation and I had sworn against you and yours."

"Does Gualichu approve our conduct?" Metipan asked.

The matchi seemed to reflect profoundly.

"Yes," he replied, "you have gained the protection of Gualichu; let the white slave be brought up; perhaps he will demand that she should be surrendered to him, instead of belonging to a man."

"His will be done," both Ulmen said.

Two warriors led up a girl of about seventeen, and placed her between the lances, with her face turned to the tree of Gualichu. On seeing her, Pedrito felt a cold perspiration break out all over him, and a mist covered his eyes.

"Whence comes this strange emotion?" the bombero muttered to himself.

The girl's large black eyes had an expression of gentle melancholy. She was dressed after the fashion of the Pehuenche women; the woollen *guedito* was rolled round her body, fastened on her shoulders by two silver pins, and on her limbs by a *kepito*, or silken girdle, six inches in width, and secured by a buckle. The two ends of a square *piken*, like a cloak, was fastened on her chest by a topu, adorned with a magnificent head in gold. She had on her neck two collars of beads, and on each of her arms four bracelets of glass, pearls, and silver balls. Her long black hair was parted down the centre into two tresses, tied up with blue ribbons, which floated on her shoulders, and terminated in bells; on her head was a conical cap of blue and red beads.

At this graceful apparition the Indians, who are very fond of white women, could not, despite their natural stoicism, restrain a murmur of admiration.

At a signal from the matchi the ceremony began. The two old squaws beat the drum, while the spectators, guided by the sorcerer, struck up a symbolical song while dancing round the captive.

The drum ceased with the song; then the matchi lit a cigar, inhaled the smoke, and thrice perfumed the tree, the animals, and the maiden, whose bosom he at the same time laid bare. He put his mouth to it and began sucking till he drew blood, and the poor child made superhuman efforts not to shriek. The dancing, accompanied by song, began again, and the old women beat the drum with all the strength of their arms. Pedrito, full of compassion for the innocent victim of Indian superstition, longed to fly to her help.

In the meanwhile, the matchi, with his swollen cheeks, gradually became more excited; his eyes grew bloodshot, he seemed possessed by the demon, and all at once became furious; he writhed and behaved like an epileptic. Then the dance ceased, and Metipan, with a stroke of his machete, cut open the flank of the colt, tore out its still palpitating heart, and gave it to the sorcerer, who sucked the blood, and employed it to make a cross on the maiden's brow. The latter, suffering from inexpressible terror, began to tremble violently.

The storm, which had been gathering in the clouds, at length broke out. A blue flash shot athwart the sky, the thunder rolled with a terrible din, and a blast of wind dashed over the plain, sweeping away the toldos, the fragments of which it dispersed far and wide.

The Indians stopped, terrified by the storm. All at once a formidable voice, that appeared to issue from the tree of Gualichu, uttered the ill-omened words.

"Retire, Indians! my wrath is let loose upon you. Leave here this miserable white slave as an expiation of your crimes! Fly, and woe to those who look back! Woe! woe!"

A livid flash and a violent peal of thunder served as peroration to this harangue.

"Let us fly!" said the matchi, who in his terror was ready to believe in his god.

But, profiting by this unexpected intervention to enforce his own power, he continued—

"Fly, brothers! Gualichu has spoken to his servant. Woe to those who resist his orders."

The Indians had no need of this recommendation from their sorcerer; a superstitious terror lent them wings. They rushed tumultuously toward the horses, and soon the desert echoed again with their wild flight. The tree of Gualichu was deserted, and the maiden alone lay fainting on the ground, with her bosom still bare.

When all was quiet on the Pampa, and the sound of the horses' gallop was lost in the distance, Pedrito gently thrust his head out of the tree, examined the black depths of the night, and, reassured by the silence, ran up to the girl. Pale as a beauteous lily laid low by the storm, the poor girl had her eyes closed, and did not breathe. The bombero raised her in his muscular arms, and transported her close to the tree, laying her on a pile of skins belonging to a destroyed toldo. He placed her cautiously on this softer couch, and her head hung insensibly on his chest.

It was a strange group, in the midst of this devastated plain, only illumined by the lightning flashes. This young and lovely girl, and this rude woodranger, offered a touching picture.

Pain and sorrow were delineated on Pedrito's face. He, whose whole life had been but one long drama, who had no faith in his heart, who was ignorant of gentle feelings and sweet sympathies, he, the bombero, the slayer of Indians, was moved and felt something new stir within him. Two heavy tears ran down his bronzed cheeks.

"Can she be dead? Oh heaven!"

This name, which he had hitherto only used in blasphemy, he uttered almost with respect. It was a sort of prayer and cry from his heart. This man believed.

"How to help her?" he asked himself.

The rain that fell in torrents eventually restored the maiden, who, half opening her eyes, murmured in a faint voice:

"Where am I? What has happened?"

"She speaks, she lives, she is saved," Pedrito exclaimed.

"Who is there?" she asked, raising herself with difficulty.

At the sight of the bombero's gloomy face, she had a fresh outburst of terror, closed her eyes again, and fell back exhausted.

"Reassure yourself, my girl. I am your friend."

"My friend! what means that word? Have slaves any friends? Ah, yes," she continued, speaking as if in a dream, "I have suffered terribly. Still I can remember long, long ago, being happy, but alas! the worst misfortune is the recollection of past happiness in misery."

She was silent. The bombero gazed at her, and listened to her as if suspended on her lips. That voice, those features! a vague suspicion entered Pedrito's head.

"Oh, speak, speak again," he said, softening down the harshness of his evoice, "what do you remember of your youthful years?"

"Why think of past joys in misfortune? what does it avail?" she added, shaking her head with discouragement. "My history is that of all unfortunate persons. There was a time when, like other children, I had the song of birds to lull me to sleep, flowers that smiled on me when I awoke, and a mother who loved and embraced me—all that has fled for ever."

Pedrito had raised two poles covered with skins to shelter her from the storm, which was gradually subsiding.

"You are kind, for you have saved me; still, your kindness was cruel, for why did you not let me die? People who are dead no longer suffer. The Pehuenches will return, and then—"

She did not conclude, and buried her face in her hands, with choking sobs.

"Fear nothing, senorita; I will defend you."

"Poor man; alone against all? But before my last hour arrives, listen to me, for I wish to relieve my heart. One day I was playing in my mother's arms, my father was near us, with my two sisters and my four brothers, resolute men who would not have feared twenty. Well! the Pehuenches came up, they burned our estancia, for my father was a farmer, they killed my mother, and—"

"Mercedes, Mercedes!" the bombero exclaimed, "is it really you? do I find you again?"

"That was the name my mother gave me."

"It is I, Pedro, Pedrito, your brother," the bombero said, almost shouting with joy, and clasping her to his bosom.

"Pedrito! my brother! yes, yes, I remember. Pedrito, I am—"

She fell senseless into her brother's arms.

"Wretch that I am, I have killed her! Mercedes, my beloved sister, come to yourself again, or I shall die."

The maiden opened her eyes again, and threw herself on the bombero's neck, weeping with joy.

"Pedrito! my kind brother, do not leave me, defend me; they would kill me."

"Poor girl, they will pass over my body before reaching you."

"They will do so," a sarcastic voice exclaimed behind the tent.

Two men appeared, Nocobotha and Pincheira. Pedrito, holding his sister, who was half dead with terror, with his left hand, leant against one of the posts, drew his machete, and prepared for a vigorous defence.

Nocobotha and Pincheira, too enlightened to be the dupes of the mysterious voice of Gualichu, and yield to the general panic, had, however, fled with their comrades; but they had turned back unnoticed. Curious to know the meaning of this enigma, and the author of the mystification, they had listened to the entire conversation between brother and sister.

"Well," Pincheira said, with a laugh, "you seem tolerably lively for a dead man. It seems, Canario, that you must be killed twice, in order to make sure that you will not recover. But, be easy, if my friend missed you, I shall not do so."

"What do you want with me?" Pedrito said. "Let us pass."

"Not at all," Pincheira replied, "that would be rather too dangerous an example. And stay," he added, after listening, "do you hear that galloping? your affair is as good as settled, there are our *mosotones* coming back."

In fact, the sound of a cavalcade momentarily drew nearer, and in the pale gleam of dawn the dim outlines of numerous horsemen could be distinguished in the distance. Pedrito saw that he was lost; he kissed for the last time the pale brow of his unconscious sister, laid her behind him, crossed himself, and prepared to die as a brave man should.

"Come," said Nocobotha, "let us have an end of this; it looks as if this scoundrel were afraid of death."

"Make haste," Pincheira answered, "I hear our men, and if we do not make haste, our prey will be torn from us."

"You did not fancy you were speaking so truly, Senor Pincheira," Pepe exclaimed, suddenly appearing with his two brothers; "now, let us see who is to be killed."

"Thanks, my brave brothers," Pedrito said, joyously.

"Malediction!" Pincheira said, with an oath, "are these scoundrels everywhere?"

"I will not have him escape me," Nocobotha muttered, as he bit his lips till the blood came.

"Fie on you, caballeros," Pepe exclaimed, ironically. "On guard, defend yourselves like men, or I shall kill you like dogs."

The blades crossed, and the fight began with equal fury on both sides.

CHAPTER VI.

NOCOBOTHA.

A struggle to the death was preparing between these irreconcilable enemies, the bomberos and the Indians; and on this occasion it seemed as if the advantage would be on the side of the brothers.

Mercedes, who had recovered from her fainting fit, felt so terrified that she regretted that she had awoke again.

After the first collision, Nocobotha fell back a step, lowered his weapon, made Pincheira a sign to imitate him, and with folded arms walked towards the brothers.

"Stay," he cried, "this fight will not take place; it is not proper for men to risk their lives in disputing for the possession of a woman."

An ironical smile contracted the bronze faces of Pedrito's brothers, while Pincheira stamped his foot impatiently. The Indian chief continued, without heeding these marks of disapproval—

"A man's blood is precious. Take away your sister, my good fellow. I give her to you; may she be happy with you."

"Our sister!" the three young men exclaimed with amazement.

"Yes," Pedrito said; "but what conditions do you exact?"

"None," the chief answered, nobly.

Nocobotha's generosity was the more disinterested because the bomberos perceived by the first rays of the rising sun a band of nearly one thousand Indians, well equipped, and painted and armed for war, who had silently advanced and formed a circle round them.

"Can we," Pedrito asked, "trust to your word—and have we no cause to fear a trap?"

"My word," the ulmen answered, haughtily, "is more sacred than that of a white man. We have, like you, noble feelings, more so, perhaps, than others," he added, pointing to a red line that traversed his face; "we know how to forgive. You are free—and no one will disturb your retreat."

Nocobotha followed the thoughts of the bomberos on their faces. The latter felt themselves conquered by the magnanimity of the chief, who smiled triumphantly on divining their astonishment and confusion.

"My friend," he said to Pincheira, "let fresh horses be given to these men."

Pincheira hesitated.

"At once," he said, with a gesture full of supreme grace.

The Chilian, who was a semi-savage, yielding involuntarily to Nocobotha's superiority, obeyed, and five horses of great value, and ready saddled and bridled, were led up by two Indians.

"Chief," Pedrito said, in a slightly shaking voice, "I am not grateful for my life, as I do not fear death; but, in my brothers' names and my own, I thank you for our sister. We never forget an insult or a kindness. Farewell! Perhaps I shall some day have the opportunity to prove to you that we are not ungrateful."

The chief bowed without answering. The bomberos grouped round Mercedes, returned his salute, and went off slowly.

"Well, it was your wish," Pincheira said, shrugging his shoulders in vexation.

"Patience!" Nocobotha answered, in a deep voice.

During this time an immense fire had been kindled at the foot of the tree of Gualichu, where the Indians, whose superstitious fears had been dissipated with the darkness, had again assembled in council. A few paces behind the chiefs, the Aucas and Pueliche horsemen formed a formidable cordon round the council fire, while Patagonian scouts dashed about the desert to scare away intruders, and insure the secrecy of the deliberations.

In the east the sun was darting forth its flames, the dry and naked desert was blended with the illimitable horizon; in the distance the Cordilleras displayed the eternal snow of their peaks. Such was the landscape, if we may call it so, in which these barbarous warriors stood, dressed in strange costumes near the symbolic tree. This ma-

justic scene involuntarily recalled other times and other climates, when, by the light of burning towns, the ferocious companions of Attila rushed to the conquest and rejuvenescence of the Roman world.

Nocobotha took up his speech at the point where it had been interrupted by the unexpected interference of the bombero.

"I thank my brother Motipan," he said, "for the gift of the white slave. From this day our disagreement ceases; his nation and mine will form one and the same family, whose herds will peacefully graze on the same pasturage, and whose warriors will sleep side by side on the war track."

The machi then lit a pipe, drew a few puffs, and handed it to the two chiefs, who smoked in turn, passing the pipe to each other till the tobacco was entirely consumed. Then the pipe was thrown on the fire by the machi.

"Gualichu," he said, solemnly, "has heard your words. Swear that your alliance will not be broken until you can again smoke this pipe which is already reduced to ashes."

"We swear it."

The two ulmens laid the left hand on the other's right shoulder, stretched out the right hand to the sacred tree, and kissed each other on the lips, saying—

"Brother, receive this kiss. May my lips wither and my tongue be torn out if I betray my oath."

All the Indians came, one after the other, to give the kiss of peace to the two ulmens with marks of joy that were the more lively because they knew what great misfortunes this feud had already cost them, and how many times it had compromised the independence of the Indian tribes.

When the chiefs had returned to their places at the council fire, Lucaney bowed to Nocobotha.

"What communications did my brother wish to make to the ulmens? We are ready to hear him."

Nocobotha seemed to reflect for a moment, and then looked confidently round the assembly.

"Ulmens of the Pueloches, Araucanos, Pehuenches, Huilliches, and Patagonians," he said, "for many moons past my mind has been sad. I see with grief our hunting grounds invaded by the white men, and daily growing more and more contracted. We whose countless tribes only a few centuries ago covered the vast tract of land contained between the two seas, are now reduced to a small band of warriors, who, timid as llamas, fly before our despoilers. Our sacred cities, the last refuges of the civilization of our fathers the Incas, are about to become the prey of these human-faced monsters who have no other God but gold. Our dispersed race will soon disappear from this world which it so long possessed and governed alone.

"Tracked like wild animals, brutalized by the fire-water, and decimated by the sword and Spanish disease, our wandering hordes are but the shadow of a people. Our conquerors despise our religion, and they wish to bow us beneath the tree of the crucified man. They outrage our wives, kill our children, and burn our villages. Has the blood of your fathers become impoverished in the veins of all you Indians who are listening to me? Answer—will you die slaves, or live as free men?"

At these words, uttered in a masculine and penetrating voice, and whose effect was heightened by the most majestic gestures, a quiver ran along the assembly; they raised their heads haughtily, and every eye flashed.

"Speak, speak again!" the electrified ulmens shouted simultaneously.

The great ulmen smiled proudly, and continued—

"The hour has at length arrived, after so much humiliation and wretchedness, to shake off the disgraceful yoke that presses on us. Within a few days, if you are willing, we will drive the whites far from our borders, and requite them all the evil they have done us. I have long been watching the Spaniards, and I know their tactics and resources; and in order to annihilate them we only need skill and courage."

The Indians interrupted him, with shouts of joy.

"You shall be free," Nocobotha continued. "I will restore you the rich valleys of your ancestors. This project has, ever since I have become a man, been fermenting in my head, and it has grown the life of my life. Far from you and me be the thought that I have any intention to force myself on you as chief and grand toqui of the army! No; you must choose your leader freely, and after having elected him, obey him blindly, follow him everywhere, and pass through the most formidable perils. Do not deceive yourselves, warriors; our enemy is strong, numerous, and well-disciplined, and before all, is habituated to conquer us. Appoint a supreme chief—select the most worthy, and I will joyfully march under his orders. I have spoken; have I spoken well, powerful men?"

And, after bowing to the assembly, Nocobotha mingled with the crowd of chiefs, with a serene brow, but with his heart devoured by anxiety and hatred.

This eloquence, which was novel to the Indians, carried them away, and cast them into a species of frenzy. They almost regarded Nocobotha as a genius of a superior essence to their own, and bowed the knee to worship him, so straight had he gone to their hearts. For a long time the council was affected by a species of delirium, all speaking at once. When tranquillity was restored, the wisest among the ulmens discussed the opportunity of taking up arms and the chances of success, and in the end the opinion was unanimous in favor of a general insurrection. The ranks, momentarily broken, were restored, and Lucaney, who was invited by the chiefs to make known the decision of the council, spoke as follows:—

"Ulmens, listen, listen, listen! This seventeenth day of the moon of Kekil-kiven it has been resolved by all the chiefs, each representing a nation or a tribe, assembled round the council fire in front of the sacred tree of Gualichu, and after the performance of the sacred rites to render the spirit favorable to us, that war is declared against the Spaniards, our de-pollers. As the war is holy, and has liberty for its object, all will be expected to take part in it—men, women, and children; all to the extent of their strength. This very day the *quipus* will be sent to all the Indian nations."

A long cry of enthusiasm cheered Lucaney, but he continued after a while—

"The chiefs, after careful consideration, have chosen as supreme toqui of all the nations, with uncontrolled and unlimited power, the wisest, the most prudent, and the man most worthy to command us. This warrior is the chief of the Aucas whose race is so ancient, Nocobotha is the descendant of the Incas, the son of the sun."

A thunder of applause greeted these last words. Nocobotha walked into the centre of the circle, bowed to the ulmens, and said, in a proud accent—

"I accept. Ulmens, my brothers, in a year you shall be free, or myself dead."

"Long live the great toqui!" the crowd shouted.

"War to the Spaniards!" Nocobotha continued; "a war without respite or mercy—a true wild beast hunt, such as they are accustomed to make on us. Remember the law of the pampas: 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' Each chief will send the quipus to his nation, for at the end of this moon we will arouse our enemies by a thunder-clap. Go, and lose no time. This night at the fourth hour, we will meet again at the pass of the Guanaco, to elect the secondary chiefs, count our warriors, and fix the day and hour of attack."

The ulmens bowed without replying, rejoined the escort, and soon disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Nocobotha and Pincheira remained alone, a detachment guarding them a little distance away. Nocobotha, with his arms folded, drooping head, and frowning brow, seemed plunged in profound thoughts.

"Well," Pincheira said, "we have succeeded."

"Yes," he answered; "war is declared, and I am the supreme chief; but I tremble at such a heavy task. Do those primitive men thoroughly understand? Are they ripe for liberty? Perhaps they have not as yet suffered enough. Oh! if I succeed!"

"You startle me, friend. What, then, are your plans?"

"It is true, you know nothing, but you are worthy of such an enterprise. I wish—understand me thoroughly; I wish—"

At this moment an Indian, whose horse, reeking with perspiration, seemed to breathe fire through its nostrils, came up to the two ulmens, before whom he stopped dead, by a prodigy of horsemanship, as if converted into a granite statue. He bent down to Nocobotha's ear.

"Already!" the latter exclaimed; "oh, there is not a moment to lose. Quick, my horse."

"What is the matter?" Pincheira asked him.

"Nothing that can interest you. To-night at the pass of the Guanaco you shall know all."

"Are you going alone?"

"I must. To-night we meet again."

Nocobotha's horse snorted, and dashed off like an arrow from a bow.

Ten minutes later, all the Indians had disappeared, and solitude and silence reigned round the tree of Gualichu.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Male and Female Head.

It is often argued that the difference between men and women is only one of circumstances. Now take a family of children, all having the same two parents, and why is it then that there will be a difference in the size and form of the heads of the boys and the girls? The circumstances are precisely the same, and yet, on the very day of birth, the male body, head included, will average a size larger than the female, and the shape of the two also will differ. This difference of size is not a matter of argument—but a great fact.

Peacock performed a great many experiments for the purpose of determining the average weight of the male and female brain, and demonstrated that the male brain is considerably the largest, the average weight of the former being fifty ounces, while the average weight of the latter is only forty-four ounces. Dr. Geist's experiments in the hospital of Nuenberg exhibited the same results, and they were confirmed by Dr. Bibra. Hoffman, of Silesia, from seventy experiments, also proved the average weight of the female brain to be the lightest. Lauret also demonstrated, by measuring over two thousand heads, that the female head is considerably smaller, both in its diameter and circumference, than that of the male. But why quote authority on a subject concerning which all men may be posted by the use of their own eyes? The female head is seen to be not only smaller than the male head, but differently shaped, thereby indicating the different sphere in which the Almighty Creator intended woman should move. The intellect of man is more massive than that of woman, fitting him for the severer and coarser conflict of public life. That of woman is more delicate and beautiful, fitting her precisely to be the charming priestess of home.

Wedding Presents.

There was a time when the word "wedding present" had a charm in it. When it meant something fresh, spontaneous, representative of the giver's affection, and when the giver was permitted, without creating a scandal, to proportion his gift to his means. But that was a good while ago. Now it is become a regular affair of business. There's neither love nor feeling in the matter. Not but that there are love and feeling still in the world in plenty, only, it would seem, they have taken to sanctifying other things than they used. A wedding present now is a forced contribution, or a means of gratifying the giver's vanity or ostentation, or an investment made for the sake of getting a peg higher in "society." All the sentiment is gone clean out of it. It means, at the best, nothing more tender than "good morning"—is said as easily and forgot as soon. That is, if the giver can forget it as easily. For it is not to be disguised that the wedding present has become a serious tax, and is only endured with patience by those who count on getting back the value of their gift when they themselves shall be married.—*Putnam's Magazine, June.*

☞ Niagara Falls is to be under the jurisdiction of the "Niagara Frontier Police" during the coming season; and those who have been deterred from visiting Niagara in previous years, on account of the reports of the swindling practised upon strangers, may believe there will be a marked improvement in this respect. The most stringent ordinances have been passed, and if they are enforced the comfort of visitors will be wonderfully increased.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says there is no harm in signing for a neighbor if you have got the property; if you are able to pay the amount without harming your own household; and if you love the man for whom you sign enough to give him outright the sum covered by your endorsement. Otherwise, to go surety for a neighbor is a folly, a sin and a shame.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE. Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.30 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and all the chapters of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood, up to this date.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been. In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Red Court Farm.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of the monthly parts of this Journal, and an excellent one it is. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Philada. Price 50 cents a number.

☞ It is said that Mr. French, the new Sergeant-at-arms of the U. S. Senate, finds that his place has some features he did not anticipate. He complains that every time he discharges an official, women come to his office and cry. "Next day they come back and cry again. They cry in relays, taking turns for each other, and my feelings are kept on edge."

☞ It is recorded of a Catholic lady of Northumberland, England, in the last century, that she married thrice, her first husband being a Quaker, her second a Church of England man, and her third a Catholic; and, what is more curious still, on each occasion she married a man twice her own age: at sixteen, a man of thirty-two; at thirty, a man of sixty; and at forty-two, a man of eighty-four.

☞ Mr. Jay, American Envoy to Austria, has been buying a gorgeous suit of clothes in London, which is described at great length in an English paper.

☞ WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.—Noah Whipple, Jr., says in the Boston Cultivator, that warts on cows' teats may be readily removed by washing frequently with alum water made by dissolving two ounces of alum in a pint of soft water.

Cabalistic Writing.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Communication by cipher is more or less interesting to most young people. Some examine it out of curiosity. Some practice it for amusement. Others use it in pursuit of love under difficulties. Occasionally its use is deemed important by people of mature years. Military men sometimes write and telegraph in cipher; and now and then men in civic life do the same.

Cipher is constructed on a great many different principles. For important civil or military business, very peculiar and intricate schemes of combining dots, dashes, figures, and mathematical and astronomical signs, and the letters of the alphabet in transposed senses are used. But, howsoever peculiar or intricate the scheme may be, it is desirable that it may be easily and rapidly used by the writer, and also by the reader on becoming acquainted with the scheme. The key to very simple schemes will sometimes, fortuitously, escape detection by the shrewdest decipherers of cabalistic writing. The following is among the very simplest forms of cipher. It will answer as the first lesson for new beginners:

Rehta fru oy fot nes nocro es ne oll tuoh ti W. De Irram tcg pac E. We ro H. Wot atsani Eb. L. Liwe W. S. Ruoh ruof nik colco eno tat opede H. T. Taem te em.

It is a telegraphic dispatch delivered to the father of a girl sixteen years of age, and whom the father idolises, and is signed by or purports to come from a young man whose character the father knows to be notoriously bad. The father becomes at once suspicious; but he is a novice in cipher, and much perplexed to make anything out of the dispatch. Accidentally, he begins with the right-hand letter of the last line, and reads left-handedly—

"Meet me at the depot at one o'clock. In four hours we will be in a state where we can get married without license or consent of your father." The daughter is saved from abduction!

If supernumerary letters had been used in the cipher—suppose alternately a false and true letter—the father would not probably have commenced at the same place and been able to discover the useless letters.

Em beem taht depetota nooe L. C. Coik, F. Nuoh ruos re wiw L. Lebni sa atet H. W. Rewe ao gn team R. Rei, W. D. Tiht uolt cinees rooc S. N. Neot yf uo F. R. Ta eh'r.

This is the same dispatch in another scheme of cipher, and may answer for the second lesson for the beginner. If he takes pleasure in discovering things without being told, he is advised to try his brain at once at discovering and making out from the cipher the exact words of the dispatch without re-reading the dispatch. If he has not patience to do this, then let him compare the two together, step by step, to discover the key. Those who care only for cursory ideas of cabalistic writing, are informed that the key for making and unmaking this cipher is, to take two or a pair of letters at a time and reverse their position. The general principle of this scheme may be variously modified. Every third letter may be correctly represented in the cipher, and the position of the intervening pairs be reversed. Or a supernumerary letter may be inserted after every pair of the transposed letters; and if the supernumerary letters be judiciously selected from vowels or consonants, the cipher can be divided into parcels resembling the words of some Indian dialect or unknown language.

Instead of using letters in transposed positions, another scheme is to use letters in transposed senses, as Q, X, H, respectively, for I, Z, C. But such a wild, irregular transposition would be difficult to remember and perplexing for both writer and reader. If each letter be used to personate the one that stands next to it as arranged in the alphabet, the transposition is easy to remember; and the cipher will look equally mysterious as with any irregular transposition. Thus in the word *boy*—the next letter to b, in the alphabet, is c; to o, is p; to y, is z. This gives cpz for boy. The cipher is resolved by working inversely. The letter that precedes c, is b; that precedes p, is o; that precedes z, is y—together, boy.

The use of astronomical, mathematical, and other arbitrary signs, figures and characters is incumbered with greater difficulty to make with the pen while they are no better than letters in transposed senses. And if only 26 such signs are used, one respectively for each letter, the cipher can most generally be resolved, and as easily as if letters were used in transposed senses. The character used most frequently will almost certainly personate e; and the one least frequently, q; and so the other letters may most generally be determined from the number of times each character appears in the cipher. If we make a cipher after any simple scheme, and take the letters of this cipher and make into another cipher after another simple scheme, we have a double or complex cipher; and but very few will suspect the double cipher and work back through both; and yet writer and reader can easily use both without help of cipher-tables. The difficulty of deciphering may be enhanced by giving a plurality of representatives to e, t, and other frequently recurring letters.

Another scheme is to take a pair of letters at a time and personate the pair with three figures. Thus; aa, ab, ac, ad respectively by 000,001,002,003; or za, zb, zc, zd by the same figures. A single letter without another to pair off with it will frequently occur at the end of a sentence. It is well therefore to use three figures to personate each letter when it so occurs. To personate each letter singly, and also paired off with every other, will require 803 combinations of figures. These combinations may commence with any number up to 197 and close with 999.—The questionable number with which we may commence these combinations, and the questionable two letters we may take for the first pair, and the order we may pursue till every letter has been paired off with any other letter, reduce the resolution of cipher by this scheme to the lottery of a single chance in one hundred and fifty thousand,—nay, the writer himself cannot solve his own cipher without his cipher-table, but with the table a child may do it easily.

Lansing, Mich. 111-222-333.

☞ Last October, M. Lespian reports to the French Academy, that he inoculated himself with the gray matter from the lung of a consumptive patient just dead at the hospital of Gros-Caillou. The hazardous experiment was made to satisfy himself and the profession whether or not tuberculosis can be contracted by inoculation. He testifies that no unpleasant consequences have as yet been experienced, six months having passed since the operation was performed.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT.

The late Dr. James Rush of this city has left about a million of dollars to the Philadelphia Library Company, for the erection of a new building, purchasing books, &c. The following extracts from his Will are worth reading:—

ADVICE TO THE LIBRARY COMPANY.

I desire to express still more emphatically than I have yet done, my wish and direction, that the Library Company shall never make any effort to rival the other libraries of America or Europe, in the mere number of volumes they contain. If the amount of books in the Philadelphia Library is simply recorded in its catalogue, it will be sufficient for every useful purpose; and whatever its number may be, it need not be held in the gloom of discontent at its inferiority to others, nor in a prideful exultation at its excess above them. Let it rest in a modest contentment in the useful quality of its volumes for the benefit, not the amusement alone of the public, not let it, over an ambitious store of inferior printed paper, flap its flimsy leaves and crow out the highest number of worthless books. Let it be a favor for the eminent works of fiction to be found upon its shelves, but let it not keep cushioned seats for time-wasting and lounging readers; nor places for every-day novels; mind-tainting reviews, controversial politics, scattlings of poetry and prose, biographies of unknown names, nor for those teachers of disjointed thinking, the daily newspapers, except perhaps for reference to support, since such an authority could never prove the authentic date of an event. In short, let the managers think only of the intrinsic value of addition to their shelves, for I hope (yet fearfully) that the streams flowing into the Library will be clear, pure and deep, diffusing healthy, truthful and valuable information throughout the community, and not to be overborne by a common flood of cotemporary literature that may sweep off the firm foundations of knowledge and leave no high places for a useful intellect to rest upon, to extend its bounties and be secure.

To assist in accomplishing the purposes of instruction above declared, let the contributors strive to elect one or two persons of general knowledge; men of more than common college and high school education, with broad observation, reflection and taste, and liberal thoughts; not sectarian to any of the professions, nor to the gains of trade and speculation, but those who have been called "men of good choice," and who may have wider views in government and selection than are commonly taken by the conventional and popular character of most public beneficiaries, recollecting not only there is safety in the multitude and agreement of counsel, but that wisdom, too, should there be found, which will ensure safety in giving the broadest intellect with its widest compass the opportunity to enlighten, to caution, and to extend the capacity of those whose occasions or means or disposition may have prevented their thinking it necessary to go beyond the self-satisfied character of a majority.

I do not wish that any work should be excluded from the library on account of its difference from the ordinary or conventional opinions, on the subject of science, government, theology, morals, or mechanics; provided it contains neither ribaldry nor indecency.

I have observed that large annual incomes in corporate bodies almost invariably lead to wasteful extravagance and cause the institutions to become the prey of schemers, who, under the specious cloak of liberality or of being what is called public-spirited citizens, have no hesitation in spending the money of other people, in order to gratify their own vanity, or to promote their private interests. Such persons pass so much of their time in the distraction of change from one place of popular importance to another, that they have no opportunity for observation and reflection to gain intellect enough to comprehend the purpose of books of knowledge, and therefore can be of no service, but rather the means of disturbing the quiet duties of a public library. Let those find instruction in its volumes with thankfulness and modesty; yet beware of admitting them to even a part of its government, or they would be sure, unless the managers are wise and watchful, by some manœuvre to direct the whole. They are consequential spendthrifts, who, under the plea of patriotic improvement and of ornamenting a city, misapply government taxes, and embarrass the funds of scientific, literary and charitable, as well as moneyed institutions, over which, by popular artifice, they have gained a control. As a condition, therefore, of my will, let the managers and contributors join to exclude all such persons from the direction of the Library Company. It is from the quiet, unostentatious and disinterested character of its directors and of their management that I have drawn the motives which induced me to choose the Philadelphia Library Company as the heir of my estate—and I would add, a very influential consideration, that having always conducted its affairs with prudence and foresight, it was never by living beyond its means, in collecting more books than it has room for, been brought to the disgraceful, pauper condition of those institutions which are constantly begging for thousands and drawing upon the public purse by fairs and lotteries, in order to erect splendid buildings or to pay debts rashly and inconsiderately incurred.

I will add that my reasons for choosing the Philadelphia Library Company, are because it has always been conducted quietly and unobtrusively, steadily pursuing the appropriate objects for which such libraries were established, keeping entirely aloof from the excitement of politics, &c. I understand that the managers have never applied any of its funds to defray the expenses of refreshments at monthly meetings of the Board, but paid them from their own personal means. I highly approve of this course, which I fear is not very usual, and in order that their example may be followed by their successors, I direct that no part of the funds of the Ridgway Branch of the Philadelphia Library shall ever be used or expended in providing refreshments, lunches (so-called), feasts or entertainments, either for managers, visitors, shareholders or for any other persons whatever.

A FRENCH journal is responsible for the following: "In a certain small provincial town, one of the residents, M. A. B., found that his house was rendered both damp and dark by the contiguity of a large tree which was inconveniently near to his windows. He would gladly have had it cut down, but the tree belonged to the commune, and was not to be meddled with. Being a man of resources, he sent for insertion to one of the Paris papers the following paragraph:—'There is still in existence one of the trees of liberty of the date 1793. It may be seen at X., close to the house of M. A. B., and the passers-by reverently uncover their heads to this venerable witness of our grandest struggles and our most illustrious victory.' Three days afterward an order came from the Prefecture in Paris for the Mayor of X. to cause the said tree to be cut down—which was accordingly done forthwith."

☞ Secretary Seward occasionally rides about Auburn in a fine carriage drawn by fine horses, the establishment being the same that formerly belonged to President Lincoln. A. L.'s coachman still directs the course of the steeds.

☞ There is a settlement of 175 families of Mormons in Williamsburg, opposite New York.

Management of Children.

As soon as your children get into the house from school, or get up in the morning, begin to find fault with them; blame them about their looks, their gait, their behavior. Speak to them tartly, if you want them to mind you, as if you were displeased with them; there is nothing like a good, sharp voice to make them start quick. To ask them to go, would be unbecoming weakness in a parent, and a tone of most imperial authority is very efficacious in inspiring feelings of respect. If they don't start as quick as you wish, particularly if a boy has a boot half on, or his head half-combed, threaten him with dismemberment, or everlasting annihilation, or any other equally trifling penalty, if he don't jump, and it is astonishing the haste he will make and the pleasure he will feel in obeying you! If children are teasing around you from hunger or whim, yell at them lustily, and threaten them with a whipping—no matter if you never execute the threat—persevere in it, and after a while they may be led to believe that you will do it; it may take some time, but stick to it. It won't do to gratify any little desire of theirs at once; it will look too much like bending from parental dignity, and induce them to trouble you often for like favors. It is best to refuse them peremptorily at first, and get them into a fretful and turbulent state, and then comply. This will give them a sense of their dependence, and yourself also an opportunity of throwing oil upon troubled waters; it is a fine experiment when well managed, and it is besides a practical application of the text, "through much tribulation," etc. If you hear one of your children cry through the carelessness, or teasing propensity of another, first look round as if searching for something to throw at the culprit, then with a flashing eye dart upon and give him or her a rap; they will remember it, you may depend. Don't wait to hear an explanation or inquire into the facts; this will take time, and besides it isn't becoming for a parent to condescend any—it would impair the parental authority. If your children are noisy, it is an ingenious expedient to feign extreme distress and threaten to go away or jump overboard; by appealing to their affections in this way for a few times, they will get so as to believe it; or if this fails, go up-stairs or any where in the cold, under the pretence that your head's "splitting open" from their noise. If a child is disposed to sing, hush it at once; it is an uncouth practice—as if Heaven had given it no more use for its lungs than a bird! It is a good way to cry out angrily, "stop that noise!" It prevents a too exalted opinion of its vocal abilities. The same rule may apply, if it is disposed to dance; what can be more ungainly than a little child capering about a room, as if it were no more than a lamb or a kitten. If a child is disposed to be affectionate, don't return it—remember that we should not love the creature more than the Creator—don't show that you love it too well. If children make mistakes and are not ready to learn, it is an excellent plan to rail at them for their stupidity; and give a microscopic view of all their failings, this latter, particularly, if a neighbor or playmate chance to be present; this will encourage them to persevere. At any rate, don't praise them too highly for any good quality that they may possess; this would tend to make them vain, and vanity is a sin. As you have probably arrived at what you know by intuition or divine inspiration, of course it is of no use to instruct your children how to do a thing; let them find out as you did. It is well to have some grand-parent or maiden aunt to assist in carrying out the above practical rules, the execution of which would have such an apparent effect upon the happiness of any family where they are adopted. A good grumbler is invaluable among a family of children—it will prevent their suffering from too much jollity. Parents may profit by this advice, if they will but rightly consider it.

The Crops in the West.

The signs of prosperity throughout the West were never more flattering than at present. There is now every reason to believe that the returns of the Autumn, from the immense crop of cereals, will give an impetus to commerce and domestic trade such as they have not had for many years. The sword has altogether yielded to the ploughshare, and not only peace but national prosperity will be almost the certain result. One of our most reliable correspondents has just returned from an extended Western tour, travelling slowly through and observing closely the agricultural condition of the states of West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, and also the western portions of Pennsylvania and New York. He states, as the result of his observation, that the promise of a bounteous yield of all the serial crops was never greater. Nothing now, but some unforeseen calamity, can prevent one of the largest harvests ever garnered in the West.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

☞ Vast ruins have been discovered in the Zulu country, in South America—obelisks with colossal carvings, terraces, and halls of hewn stone, or cut out of the solid rock. The natives regard them with mysterious awe, and keep strangers from them, for fear that if they are approached no rain will fall for three years.

☞ The Pall Mall Gazette mentions a religious sect in Russia called the Beslovesniki, or the Dumb. As soon as one enters this community he becomes dumb, or refuses to utter any articulate sounds. It would be well worth knowing how this sect propagates its doctrines.

☞ The great aquarium in Berlin will soon be completed. Eight thousand living varieties of fish, lobsters, crabs, star-fish and other forms of marine life, have been collected, and are awaiting removal to the crystal palace which has been built for them.

☞ A clergyman, leaving a town in western Massachusetts, ventured to sell his horse manure to a neighbor, whereupon two members of his society, in righteous rage visited the purchaser and demanded the article as the property of the society.

☞ In Brieg, Silesia, recently, a young married couple committed suicide because the doctor had decided that the young husband's leg must be amputated.

☞ Milton received only £5 for Paradise Lost. Shakspeare received the same amount, £5, for Hamlet. And Goldsmith received only double that sum, £10, for the "Vicar of Wakefield." Tonson, in 1739, obtained an injunction to restrain another bookseller from printing Paradise Lost, Tonson and his family deriving great benefit from its sale.

☞ Those who sow wild oats sometimes reap hemp.

Disastrous Results from Buying an Orange.

A man from the country invested five cents, in Hartford, Conn., in the purchase of an orange, and preparatory to getting himself outside of it, threw the peel on the sidewalk. Soon after, a young woman came along, slipped upon the peel and fell, breaking her leg. The woman was to have been married the next day, but wasn't. The man who was to marry her had come from St. Paul, Minn., and was obliged to return on account of business, to await the recovery of the girl. On his way back he unfortunately took a train on the Erie Railroad, which ran off the track, and his shoulder-blade was broken, forcing him to stop at Dunkirk for repairs. On getting back to St. Paul he found that his forced absence had upset a business arrangement which he had expected to complete, at a pecuniary loss to him of five thousand dollars. Meantime the injured girl suffered a relapse, which so enfeebled her health that her marriage was delayed, which had a bad effect upon the young man, and he finally broke the engagement and married a widow in Minnesota, with four small children. This so worked upon the mind of the girl that she is now in the insane hospital at Middletown, Conn. Her father, outraged by the conduct of the young man, brought a suit for breach of promise, and has just recovered ten thousand dollars. The anxiety and expense of the whole affair thus far have been enormous, as anybody can see. Similar cases are likely to occur, so long as people will persist in throwing orange peel around loose.

How it Strikes People in the Country.

"Justice" writes from Salem, New Jersey, to the Philadelphia Press:—"I see by most every paper an account of strikes for higher wages, and a shortening of hours; a uniting of labor against capital. Will not capital have to form itself into societies against the labor movement? Now, everything else is going down but labor; it takes two bushels of wheat now to pay a carpenter for a day's work, three to pay a mason, nearly four bushels of corn for a carpenter, six for a mason, and all other laborers in proportion. Now, it has come to this: Produce must go up, or labor must come down, as farmers cannot stand it. There is not one farmer out of four, to speak within bounds, that made a living last year. For myself, I can see no reason why labor should not come down in proportion to other things. Now farmers' produce is nearly where it was before the war—and labor in all cases more than twice as high, and in many cases three and four times higher."

No Trouble with the Indians in Canada.—In a recent speech, Wendell Phillips said:—

"Now go to the other side of the lakes, and take a lesson from England. When she meets a tribe, she does not push it before her, as we do, as Mr. Douglass describes it; she encircles it in the arms of her civil laws. If an Indian trespasses, she does not send a regiment after him, as we do; she sends a constable. If he has a complaint, she does not send him to a colonel, as we do, she sends him to a justice of the peace, and what is the result? *For 97 years, no Indian has lifted his hand against a subject of the Queen. (Applause). There is not a spot in Canada marked by white blood shed by Indian hands. For nearly a century, the Crown has not spent a penny on the Indian question; and to-day, while we cover the frontier with colonels and generals, an Englishman in Montreal dares to vault into his saddle and ride due West through the Indians to the ocean without a pistol.*"

☞ The New Orleans Times thinks there is nothing remarkable in the fact of the young woman in Des Moines, Iowa, apprenticing herself to a tinner, "considering woman's proverbial love for soft solder."

☞ "Why is a woman who has eaten a pork-pie, containing more fat than the one she had previously partaken of, like one of the most popular *artistes* on the lyric stage?" "Because she's had a leaner patty, (Adelina Patti.)

☞ There are just *six per cent.* more women than men in the United States. This accounts for the *interest* we all have in the sex—most women, however, exacting more than the legal rate.

☞ Race-horse Speed.—A writer in the "Times" remarks, on the tradition of the horse, Flying Childers, having run a mile in a minute, that he did not run a mile in sixty seconds, but in one second moved nearly at the rate of a mile a minute. The fallacy must have arisen from misunderstanding a passage in that popular work, Berwick's "Quadrupeds," where it is stated (page 7) that the "famous horse, Childers, has been known to move eighty-two and a half feet in a second, or nearly a mile in a minute. He has run round the course at Newmarket, which is little less than four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds."

☞ The velocipede is condemned by all the English medical journals. The Lancet says that the exercise, like all gymnastic feats, requires for safety that it should be carefully regulated, that a high rate of speed should only be gradually acquired, and that great efforts should be studiously avoided.

☞ The Russian Doctor Hubbenet, professor at the University of Kiev, has just published a report, full of heart-rending incidents, of the siege of Sevastopol, of which he was a witness. The following passages show the terrible consequences of this campaign to the Russians: Of 100,000 men who succeeded each other in the defence of Sevastopol, up to November 1, 1855, the time when typhus fever broke out in the Russian army, 30,000 men only, that is to say less than one-fifth, remained hale and well; more than 76,000 were wounded, 15,000 were killed, 46,000 were laid up in hospital, among whom 8,500 died from the effects of their disease.

☞ A young girl of Bordeaux was courted by two lovers, and, unable to choose between them she poisoned them both.

☞ A Wisconsin paper sneers at a neighbor who brags of a new suit of type, and says:—"In this, as in everything else, they are an age behind our office, which was supplied with new material years ago."

☞ A student at Cornell, included in the cash account which he sent to his father, the item, "Charity, $30." The father remarked in his reply, "I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins."

☞ The quantity of wheat sent from Russia to England increases every year. England draws more wheat from Russia than from any other country: more even, than from the United States.

Prince Talleyrand.

Much has been written about the mental peculiarities of Talleyrand. The academician, M. S. Beuve, in a late study gives the following curious details on the physiology of the prince:—"He had the singular faculty of sleeping but little; he passed the night at cards or in talking. He rarely went to bed before four in the morning, and yet was up again at an early hour. His pulse had the singularity of being very full, and of intermitting every sixth beat. On this subject he had a theory of his own; he considered this skipping of the sixth pulsation as a stop, as a resting of nature, and he claimed that the pulsations which were lost, and which were his due, would be made up to him at the end, and would therefore prolong his life. He explained, also, by this fact, his little need of sleep, as if nature had taken its sleep in detail and in advance by small doses."

☞ Open gambling is now permitted in New Orleans. The crowds that throng the places devoted to faro, keno, roulette, &c., are described as being highly heterogenous, comprising respectable men and ruffians, old and young, lawyers, soldiers, sailors, clerks, mechanics, day laborers—men of all nationalities. The bankers and dealers of these gambling hells are a study. They have nearly all an impenetrable look—a look of wearied and furtive respectability. A correspondent says he was puzzled for a long time to think where he had seen that type of face. Finally it flashed upon him that the outside gold-board in New York matched them almost man for man. That's not complimentary.

☞ A strange bird has been captured at Factoryville, Tioga county, which is exciting the curiosity of naturalists in that vicinity. It is described as very beautiful, resembling somewhat a dove, having a red stripe upon its head, with sea-green legs and back. The legs and toes are long.

☞ Victoria has had to come down. She has agreed, in order to stop a family quarrel, to give the Prince of Wales nearly $200,000 a year of her spending money.

☞ In Massachusetts, recently, two smoked hams were found in an unused closet. They had been there fifty years, and are in a state of perfect preservation.

☞ Of the children born in Paris, one-fourth are illegitimate, and one-third die before attaining the age of five years. Two deaths occur among the illegitimate infants to one among the legitimate. The native population of the city diminishes by two-fifths in each generation; so that, but for the replenishment from without, the city would be depopulated in less than three generations.

☞ In one of Cooper's novels occurs the following passage:—"He dismounted in front of the house and tied his horse to a large locust." A French author, in translating this passage, renders it thus:—"He descended from his horse in front of the chateau and tied him to a large grass-hopper."

☞ Literature and science are looking up in the political affairs of France. Among the candidates likely to be elected to the next Corps Legislatif are nine university professors, thirty-two journalists, three naturalists, twenty-one novelists, one hundred and fourteen barristers, seven poets, and fifteen physicians—the best show of the sort yet made in France.

☞ Let the Matter be Remedied.—"A Little Dog" writes us to call the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the fact that signs have been placed near the entrances which read, "No dogs allowed in the Public Garden," at a height such as to render it quite impossible for little dogs to read. We trust the Society will take such action in the matter as may be necessary.—*Post.*

☞ Exercise.—As a rule, food which is best enjoyed is best digested. Just so exercise which is most agreeable is usually the most beneficial. In selecting methods of exercise, every individual should be guided by his own individual tastes. It is better to change frequently from one exercise to another. It is well oven to consult our whims and our varying moods. Above all things, we should strive to prevent our exercise from becoming a dry, hard, mechanical routine. The heart should go with the muscles.

☞ The following intelligence comes from Bucharest:—A brigand of Herculean strength was about to be hung for murder. He burst the straps which bound him, like flax, seized the executioner, and hanged him before assistance could arrive. He was thereupon appointed to his victim's office.

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial speaks of Solomon as "an individual with whom wisdom was a speciality."

☞ The following expressive couplet is supposed to have been recently uttered by one of the members of our Legislature from a rural district:—

"Instead of listening here to these debaters,
I ought to be at home—to plant potatoes."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull; 8300 bbls sold at $5@5.25 for superfine; $5,75@6 for extra; $6@6,75 for low grade and choice North-West extra family; $6@7,50 for Pennsylvania extra family; $7@8,50 for Ohio and Indiana extra family, and 9@11,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $6,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. Sales of 25,000 bus at $1,30@1,40 for Pennsylvania, Western and Southern red; $1,47@1,55 for amber; $1,60@165 for fancy Michigan amber, 1,40@1,42 for No 1 spring, $1,68@1,70 for California, and $1,65@1,80 for white. Rye—1200 bus of Pennsylvania and Western sold at $1,21@1,23 Corn—40,000 bus of prime yellow; sold at 90@96c; 20,000 bus of Western mixed at 84@89c, and 10,000 bus of white at 84@85c ₱ bus. Oats—About 50,000 bus sold at 75@78c for Western; 60@70c for Pennsylvania; and 55@60c for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales of Beef Hams are reported at 28@31. Green Meats are firmer; 700 tcs pickled Hams sold at 17@18c, salt Shoulders at 13½c, and 100,000 lbs of salt Sides rough at 16½c. Lard—Sales of 600 lbs and tcs Western at 19@19½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of prime roll at 36@38c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 22@24c.

COTTON—The market has been active. About 1000 bales of middlings sold at 29@29½c for Uplands, and 31½@31½c for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron is quoted at $52 ₱ ton.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1,09@1,45; mixed do $1,25@1,30; inferior do $1,15@1,20, and Straw $1,75@1,90.

SEEDS—Cloverseed we quote at $8@9. Timothy is quoted at $2,25@2,50. Flaxseed is selling at $2,70@2,75 ₱ bus.

WOOL—100,000 lbs sold at 33c for new medium unwashed; 32c for fine do; 39c for extra; 50@52c for fine; 51@52c for one-half blood; 50@51c for one-quarter blood; 45@47c for common; 55@60c for tub, and 49@52c for pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1857 head. The prices realized from 9½@9¾ cts ₱ lb. 120 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@7½c ₱ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

The Working Women of Boston.

A Convention of Working Women was recently held in Boston. It was made up of manual laborers working by the day or by the job at such common toil as is open to common toilers. Ten-minute speeches were made. Truthful, quiet women testified to such facts as these: A young girl competent to keep books, finding that she could earn only $2 a week, tried to get over-alls to make. A quick sewer makes a pair in two hours and a half, and she was offered five cents a pair. Working fourteen hours a day, she could have earned enough to live in a basement kitchen. An old woman affirms that when she asks a price, *they* always cut her down. For a dress pieced all over she asked fifty cents and got twenty-five! She works till midnight, and has to go sometimes with only a biscuit a day to have a home of her own. A woman with children makes vests which sell at $5.50 for twenty cents. Another makes coats for thirty-seven cents. Another, coarse shirts for six and a quarter cents. Another sews boots and shoes for twenty cents a day, and walks three miles to get the work. Some shop-girls make $7 or $8 a week, but their board costs $5 or $6, and they are compelled to be decently clad. Factory girls, it is reported, develope disease from standing *eleven* hours a day, and, if they marry, cannot rear healthy children.

S—a—r—s—a—p—a—r—i—l—l—i—a—n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 800 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, SARSAPARILLIAN, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $5 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St.

my29 tf

A Distressing Case.—Here is a poser for the philanthropists:—

The Governor of the Bahamas reports that "The diminution in the number and valuation of wrecks has deprived numbers of their former sources of employment and profit."

We have heard of a village so peaceful that the local lawyer became a bankrupt; and of districts so healthy that the doctors couldn't live. These were hard cases enough to see a remedy for—but what is to be done for those worthy people at the Bahamas who are deprived of their work and profit, because selfish captains won't wreck their ships and drown their crews?

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my8-3m Johnston, Holloway & Cowden.

☞ There never appear more than five or six men of genius in an age—but if they were united, the world could not stand before them.

Interesting to Ladies.

For *fifteen years* I have been using a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine with the greatest satisfaction. I have never had any difficulty with it, and have used it on all kinds of work. Excepting a few cents for a thread spring it has cost nothing for repairs during all that time.—*Mrs. E. L. Walworth, Eatontown, N. J.*

☞ Men who Never Die.—The men who will never die are the men who voted for Washington, the oldest Free Mason, the last soldier of the Revolution, Jefferson's body servant, the oldest American actor, and the man who originated the idea of a Pacific railway.

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-3m

How the Public Lands are Being Given Away.

Nearly one-third of the entire public domain has been made over to the control of the railroad companies. "The quantity of lands conveyed by these grants," says the Commissioner of the Land Office, "is of empire extent, exceeding in the aggregate by more than 5,000,000 acres the entire areas of the six New England states, added to the surface of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia." He says the grants to the Pacific railway lines alone are "within about a fourth of being twice the united area of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, the Isle of Man, and the islands of the British seas, and less than a tenth of being equal to the French empire proper."

And yet hundreds of schemes quite as extensive are now before Congress, and the lobby engaged in pushing them is larger and more influential than ever before.

Nature is the Great Physician.

This is now admitted, by the medical profession, as a fundamental principle of healing science. It is wisely provided by the human economy that whenever anything is wrong in the physical system the natural forces of the body are brought to bear to expel the disease. The great aim, therefore, is to strengthen the natural powers. This has been kept in view by the skillful compounders of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which operates to give fresh vitality to all the organs of the body. The effect of this medicine upon the stomach, the liver and the kidneys, is prompt and decisive. The patient, who is wise enough to quit drugging and try the BITTERS, soon feels as if he had taken a new lease of life, and as he continues the use of the article, he is overjoyed to find the streams of health coursing through his frame. It is prepared with great care, and its component parts are entirely vegetable. It is free from the objections so often urged against preparations of the kind. As a *MEDICAL AGENT* it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing and efficient. All who have used HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS attest its virtues.

Even those who are in the enjoyment of perfect health frequently have need to have recourse to tonics as preventives of disease. We are never too well armed against the assaults of "the ills that flesh is heir to." In health or sickness this tonic cannot be taken regularly without giving vitality and elasticity to the system. je5-4t

☞ At the Dickens dinner in Liverpool Mr. Dickens was commissioned to propose the health of "The Ladies," a good many of whom, by-the-way, partook of the banquet. He said: "Gentlemen—for I address myself solely to you—the nature of the toast I am about to propose cannot, I think, be better or more briefly expressed than in a short quotation from Shakspeare, slightly altered: Scene, a banqueting hall; thunder of admiration! lightning of eyes! Enter Macbeth. 'Who are these so sparkling and so bright in their attire that they look not like inhabitants of earth, and yet are of it?' (Laughter.) Reply? 'Sir, these are the Lancashire Witches.'" (Much laughter.)

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. Evans & Co.,

139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ Lord Elcho recently gave notice of a motion in the English House of Commons, "To call attention to the adulteration of manures; and to move that, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable that the attention of the Board of Trade should be directed to this subject." Things are getting to a bad pass, when even manure is adulterated.

Holloway's Ointment will cure the worst cases of chapped and cracked lips and hands in one night, producing a soft, ripe color in the lips that nothing else will give.

☞ A Memphis paper says that a jury in that city have found a man guilty of murdering a citizen who is alive and well, and are now debating whether to rescind their verdict, or let the convict murder the citizen.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of May, by the Rev. D. L. Cunningham, George H. Calvehley to Elizabeth Peddle, both of this city.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. J. W. Beasley, Mr. C. H. Crispin, of this city, to Miss Emma Gibbs, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. Francis J. Dillman to Miss Mary H. Garman, both of this city.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. Alex. C. Young to Miss Maggie J. Henderson, both of this city.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. Peter Shiel to Miss Jane Orr, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. Samuel Ellis to Miss Jennie Wilkinson, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of May, William M. Albumgen, in his 79th year.

On the 1st instant, Miss Margaret Clark, aged 75 years.

On the 1st instant, James G. Abbott, aged 52 years.

On the 31st of May, William H. Shuster, in his 27th year.

On the 31st of May, Maggie, wife of Wm. H. Harrison, in her 24th year.

On the 30th of May, Mrs. Jemima Coddington, in her 85th year.

On the 30th of May, Dr. Thomas H. Parker, in his 63th year.

On the 29th of May, Randolph P. Carty, in his 62d year.

On the 28th of May, Mrs. Rebecca C. Douglass, aged 54 years.

On the 27th of May, Robert Humphreys, in his 70th year.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber! Farewell to the glens,
To the streams and the corries, the straths and the bens;
Farewell! oh, farewell to thy beautiful shore,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
No longer mounts upward the smoke of our fires,
No longer for us are the homes of our sires,
No bread for the winning comes in at the door.
Lochaber! Lochaber! farewell evermore.

In the days that are gone, in the old happy time,
Brave men were the glory and wealth of the clime,
But the grouse and the deer need the kail-yards of yore,
And we'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
Right gladly we'd cling to thee, land of our birth!
And fight for thee, die for thee, pride of the earth!
But men without hope are as drift on the shore.
Lochaber! Lochaber! farewell evermore!

Farewell to Lochaber, its cloud-covered bens,
Its clear, whimplin burnies, its bonnie green glens,
The holly, the desolate, beautiful shore—
We return, we return to Lochaber no more.
Farewell, oh, farewell! and wherever we roam,
Thy name shall be symbol and watchword of home,
The echo of joys that no time shall restore,
Lost! lost! with Lochaber! lost! lost! evermore!

On the Benefits of Foreign Travel.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HATTIE BOYER.

Twenty years ago, if a man went to Europe, he wound up his business, settled his estate, made his will, bade adieu to weeping friends, and was prayed for in church as one bent on possible, nay probable, destruction. To-day scores of vessels leave our shores, filled with pleasure or profit seekers, who view the trip across with its attendant discomforts much as one does a dose of medicine, trifling, necessary, but slightly unpleasant; and society is divided into two great classes, those who went to Europe last year, and those who are going this.

Pater familias discovers that it doesn't cost so very much more to send his five marriageable daughters up the Rhine by way of Paris, than it did to give them three months' *sarte blanche* at Newport, and pays better. Going through the rounds of fussing, flirting and frothiness at the watering place, after similar alliterations during the cold season, is very much like eating cake and ice-cream all summer, after eating ice-cream and cake all winter, and leaves a girl slightly common-place and inane. But this going to Europe is another thing—it gives a young lady position, manner, *eclat*. A French *merci* learned at Paris, or a German *Ich danke* gained at Berlin, is so different from the American "thank you" of every day life. Say what you will, *Pater familias'* five marriageable daughters went off his hands remarkably well, after that foreign trip of theirs (which he considers a good investment), while they danced through whole seasons at Newport, with no other effect than to nearly dance through his purse.

Then as to young men. Some go to acquire professions, spending long years of study in the colleges of France or Germany, perhaps in the ateliers of Rome or Florence. On their return to America the reward is sure, generally speedy. "He has received his degree abroad," puts a man into position almost immediately. While we all know the richer thoughts, the brighter suggestions, the livelier touches of our artists who have added to their experience years or even months of foreign travel.

Many young men go to Europe simply for the purpose of acquiring languages, and time and money so spent is a wise outlay. For languages are knowledge, and knowledge is power, and though a fool and a rascal may succeed, be assured an honest and a wise man must. A clerkship, a consulate, a legation appointment, is often given to a man, not because his brains are better, his tongue more glib, his diplomatic talents more assured than those of some other applicant, but simply because he understands one, two or three foreign languages, and the other man doesn't.

We Americans as a race are conceited, unpolished, a trifle angular. We are apt to think we have the greatest city, the biggest kind of water power, the longest rivers, the most immense mountain ranges in the world, forgetting that the Lord had considerably more to do with Niagara, the Mississippi, and the Rocky Mountains than we are willing to give Him credit for—that probably they were taken into consideration long before it was known certainly whether Indians or Yankees would inhabit the land—and that though in digging the valleys, and hewing out the river beds, and raising the massive mountains of our own America, an all-wise Creator *may* have thought that as He was preparing it for the residence of the biggest and conceitedest nation on the face of the globe, He might as well give them something to brag about; still one finds this difficult to believe.

Foreign travel has a tendency to correct these faults. A truly simple-hearted, honest American, travelling as all intelligent persons must do—to learn, returns home a wiser if not a sadder man.

He may love the dear old flag, the dear old land a thousand times better than when he started. He may acknowledge superior comforts, wider freedom, more diversion of book knowledge, more geniality and heartiness of manner, a hospitality for which one has no other name than to say—"it is *American*."

Yet in his secret soul he must also acknowledge crudities of thought and manner, the lack of art in houses, in churches, in public buildings, even in such trifles as the arrangement of shop windows and of fruit and vegetables in stalls. He feels a longing for Music carried to a higher perfection than it is possible to attain here, and brought down to the level of the commonest life, so that even the poorest can be ennobled by it. Such acknowledgments must bring with them humility; and if humility be a chiefest virtue, surely this is an unparalleled benefit.

Foreign travel educates one unconsciously, gives his thoughts wider scope, makes life better worth the living. A man may not speak purer grammar after his European trip, but he has generally learned to drop the "I guess," and "I reckon," so odious to English ears. He may return a more inveterate smoker than when he started, but if he chewed before, he now chews no more.

There is a great lack of politeness in America in every-day life. The commonest peasant in France or Belgium, though he may not, and probably does not, know how to write or spell his own name, will doff his *chapeau* as you pass, with the courtesy and grace of a prince.

To enter a store in Germany without taking off one's hat, or a shop in Paris without the customary salutation of *bon soir* or *bon jour*, is considered a rude breach of manners, of which only an American or an Englishman is ever guilty. While here for such simple acts of politeness one is stared at as though they were impertinences. As years go on, and migration is ever on the increase, it is to be hoped, that among the benefits of travelling will be found a commingling of American sincerity and foreign courtesy.

Every woman especially must return home with a feeling of thankfulness for those rights and privileges, which granted to her sex here, as a matter of course, are denied her everywhere else. *Place aux dames*, though the motto of America is certainly not the motto of any other country in the world. In Germany a woman before marriage is an ideal nonentity, a creature set up on a pedestal to be sung to, serenaded, sentimentalized over, as only a German can sentimentalize, but never educated. There have been educated dogs, and educated horses, and educated women, but not in Germany.

After marriage she subsides into a mere household drudge, and a German husband would no more think of consulting with his wife on business, talking with her on politics or ethics, than he would dream of asking advice from the fair, round-faced, blue-eyed, stupid maid who makes his coffee or blacks his boots, and hasn't an idea above her work. I don't mean to say the wife has either, but whose fault is it?

In France a girl is immured in school or convent until she is married. After that, unlimited dressing, flirting, idleness, and folly are her lot in life. She is the plaything of man, not his companion. A dozen, perhaps a score of French women have risen above this level, all honor to them!

In England, weakness and dependence in a woman are her dearest charms. She is taught that though the idol of man before marriage, in some cases after—she is his inferior in intellect, in capacity, in strength of mind as well as strength of body.

Obedience is the first law of marriage, before which love and honor sink into insignificance, so that although in very many cases a wife is really loved, in that dignified, lordly, superior way which so distinguishes and ennobles a British husband, yet in an equal number of cases is she considered only "a little better than his horse, a little dearer than his dog."

It is only in America that a woman can live her life out freely and purely—restricted by nothing narrower than the ten commandments. Here an educated woman is always an educated man's equal, *his superior if it is in her so to be*. Intellect and soul have no sex. I have seen superior men and inferior women, and I have seen inferior men and superior women, and the inferior men and women sink to their level of equality, and the superior men and women rise to their height of equality.

Who dares to say that Margaret Fuller, and Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and hundreds of other good and great women, are not the equals of hundreds of good and great men, simply because their goodness and greatness are enshrined in a woman's form? Is a jewel less a jewel because its casket is alabaster instead of marble? Is a lamp less useful because the light which it diffuses emanates from a vessel of crystal instead of a vessel of gold? Is a truth less a truth because a woman's life lived it, or a woman's tongue spoke it, or a woman's pen wrote it? I trow not.

Finally. Every loyal American must return from abroad with a feeling of renewed devotion for the land that nurtured him, for the freedom that surrounds him, for the liberality that encompasses him, for the flag that floats over him, for the constitution whose basis is liberty for all.

The History of Pews.

An Anglo-Saxon and some of the Normal churches of early date, a stone bench projected within the walls, running around the whole interior except the east.

In 1319 the people are represented as sitting on the ground or standing. About this time people introduced low three-legged stools promiscuously over the church.—Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest.

In 1387 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common, that none should call any seat in church his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first found.

As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated, the entrance being guarded by cross-bars, and the initial letters engraved on them.

Immediately after the Reformation the pew system prevailed, and as we learn from a complaint the poor commoners made to Henry VIII., in 1546, in reference to his decree that the Bible should be in every church, at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "quire" or "pure."

In 1608 galleries were introduced.

As early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being baised or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide those within; a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned. The services were often greatly protracted, so that many would fall asleep. With the reign of Charles II., the reason for the heightening of the sides of the pews disappeared.

RATHER A MISTAKE.—The other day a young lady stepped into a well-known establishment in the Bowery, and inquired of a handsome clerk:

"Sir, have you any mouse-colored gloves?"

"Mouse-colored, miss?"

"Yes; a sort of gray—the color of your drawers," meaning the store drawers, which were painted gray.

"My drawers, miss?" ejaculated the young man, glancing down at his dress to see if everything was right and tight. "My drawers, miss? Why, I don't wear any!"

MY CROSS.

It is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing weight,
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom,
A heart bereaved, a household desolate;

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain;
Longing each morning for the weary night,
At night, for weary day to come again:

It is not slander, with her evil tongue;
'Tis no presumptuous sin against my God;
Not reputation lost, nor friends betrayed—
That such is not my cross I thank my God.

Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles, overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily round,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel;
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, but 'tis everywhere.
By day and night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down—Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down, I only ask,
That taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master, humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect day.

The Giant Cities of Bashan.*

We do not know of any book of Eastern travel, (says the Reviewer of the N. Y. Independent,) except Stephens's "Arabia Petræa," and Warburton's Crescent and Cross," which compares in interest with this record of Mr. Porter's visit to the giant cities of Bashan. It is like a tale of the "Arabian Nights;" its atmosphere lingers in the imagination, and will not be driven out. We were awe-struck, in childhood, when we first discovered that our nursery tales of giants were corroborated by the Book of Genesis, and that there really had been a man, for whom the Bible vouched, whose bedstead measured nine cubits (nearly 14 feet) in length. Almost the same awe thrills us again as we read these descriptions of the walled cities in which those giants lived, and of the graves in which they were buried.

Eastern Palestine has been almost unknown. Not more than half a dozen travellers have ever made the attempt to go into its strong fastnesses, among its wild Bedouins. Even Porter, with a strong Druse escort, was several times in great danger; once the whole party fled for life at midnight from Edrei in the Lejah. The Lejah is the old Argob of the Bible, and it is still a safe refuge for criminals, as it was when it gave shelter to the murderer Absalom. Here the Druses have little or no power, and they absolutely refused to be responsible for Mr. Porter's safety if he attempted to pass through it. But in the rest of Bashan the Druse power is respected, and the wildest Bedouin dares not molest a traveller who is escorted by Druses.

One of the most graphic descriptions which Mr. Porter gives is of the halt of their party in a deserted city, on the first night after they set out from Damascus:

A DESERTED CITY.

"It was with no little pleasure that I heard the order given for the caravan to rest till the moon rose. 'Is there any spot,' I asked of an Arab at my side, 'where we could get shelter from the rain?' 'There is a house ready for you.' 'A house! Is there a house here?' 'Hundreds of them. This is the town of Burak.' We were conducted up a rugged, winding path, which seemed, so far as we could make out in the dark, and by the motion of our horses, to be something like a ruinous staircase. At length the dark outline of high walls began to appear against the sky, and presently we entered a paved street. Here we were told to dismount, and give our horses to the servants. An Arab struck a light, and inviting us to follow, passed through a low, gloomy door into a spacious chamber. * * * The house seemed to have undergone little change from the time its old master left it; and yet the thick nitrous crust on the floor showed that it had been deserted for long ages. The walls were perfect, nearly five feet thick, built of huge blocks of hewn stones, without lime or cement of any kind. The roof was formed of large slabs of the same black basalt, lying as regularly and jointed as closely as if the workmen had only just completed them. They measured twelve feet in length, eighteen inches in breadth, and six inches in thickness. The ends rested on a plain stone cornice, projecting about a foot from each side-wall. The chamber was twenty feet long, twelve wide, and ten high. The outer door was a slab of stone four and a half feet high, four wide, and eight inches thick. It hung upon pivots, formed of projecting parts of the slab, working in sockets in the lintel and threshold. At one end of the room was a small window, with a stone shutter. An inner door, also of stone, but of finer workmanship, and not quite so heavy as the other, admitted to a chamber of the same size and appearance. From it a much larger door communicated with a third chamber, to which there was a descent by a flight of stone steps. This was a spacious hall, equal in width to the two rooms, and about twenty-five feet long by twenty high. A semi-circular arch was thrown across it, supporting the stone roof; and a gate, so large that camels could pass in and out, opened on the street. The gate was of stone, and in its place; but some rubbish had accumulated on its threshold, and it appeared to have been open for ages. Here our horses were comfortably installed. Such were the internal arrangements of the strange old mansion. An inscription on the lintel of the doorway bore the date of 306 B. C."

ARAB HOSPITALITY.

The hospitality of the Druses is to-day what the hospitality of Abraham used to be in the plains of Mamre. Strangers are welcomed, lodged, and entertained like friends; and no one must offer anything in payment. At every town they are besought to stop long enough to take some refreshment.

"Will not my lord descend while his servants prepare a little food?" is the urgent language of every village sheikh. The coffee is always on the hearth; a kid or lamb representative of the old "fatted calf" is at hand, and can be got ready with all the dispatch of ancient days. Food for servants, "provender" for horses, accommodations for all, are given as a matter of course. In travelling through Bashan one fancies himself carried back to the days when the patriarchs sat in their tent doors, ready to welcome every visitor, and hail every passer-by.

At one time, when Mr. Porter's party had turned aside to examine some ruins near Ary, they found themselves suddenly surrounded by a great crowd of excited natives. They had come up in a body, headed by their sheikh, to entreat the travellers to come into their village, and rest, and be fed.

"They would take no excuse. It would be a disgrace to their village if *they* would permit us to pass; it would be an insult to their chief if *we* should attempt it. They entreated, as Abraham would have done at his tent-door, or Lot at the gate of Sodom. We entered the sheikh's house; and, while coffee was being prepared, the whole household, in fact a great part of the town, got into a state of commotion. A woman came into the apartment with a large copper vessel in her hand, took a 'measure' of flour out of a huge earthen jar, and commenced the process of 'kneading unleavened cakes.' A moment afterward we heard a confused noise of cackling and screaming; then a flock of hens flew in terror past the open door, followed by a troop of women and boys in full chase. We saw they had resolved to 'make us a feast.' The flocks were at a distance, and it would take hours to obtain a lamb or a kid; fowls, therefore, must serve as a substitute. We were fully aware of the dispatch of Arab cooks, and that in this respect they were not surpassed even by the patriarchs; but our time was too precious to be wasted in mere ceremony, however interesting. Firmly but respectfully we assured our worthy host that we must proceed to Bozrah. To the evident regret of the stately sheikh, and the unbounded astonishment of crowds of his people who gathered round us, and who could not understand how it was possible for any polite or respectable person to decline proffered hospitality, we mounted our horses and rode off."

The scenery of Bashan is picturesque, and in the immediate neighborhood of its mountain ranges grand. The mountains are of volcanic origin, and their rugged black sides contrast strongly with the luxuriant green of the pastures, and the brilliant forests of oaks, which Mr. Porter says "often glitter beneath the blaze of sunshine like forests of prisms." We have seen a similar effect in September mornings on great "scrub-oak clearings" in Vermont and New Hampshire.

The plain of Bashan is wonderfully rich and fertile. From its beauty Ezekiel, and David, and Micah drew many of their poetical images. Here Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh chose their inheritance and led their flocks. To-day Arab shepherds in service of the Druses lead almost innumerable flocks over the same plains. Mr. Porter gives a graphic picture of their first going out in the morning.

"As we sat and looked, almost spell-bound, the silent hillsides around us were in a moment filled with life and sound. The shepherds led their flocks forth from the gates of the city. They were in full view, and we watched them and listened to them with no little interest. Thousands of sheep and goats were there, grouped in dense, confused masses. The shepherds stood together till all came out. Then they separated, each shepherd taking a different path, and uttering as he advanced a shrill, peculiar call. The sheep heard them. At first the masses swayed and moved as if shaken by some internal convulsion; then points struck out in the direction taken by the shepherds; these became longer and longer, until the confused masses were resolved into long, living streams flowing after their leaders. It was perhaps one of the most vivid illustrations which human eyes could witness of that beautiful discourse of our Lord, recorded by John: 'And the sheep hear the shepherd's voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice.'"

THE CITY OF BOZRAH.

Of all the giant cities which are described in this book, Bozrah was perhaps the most interesting. It was in later times the Roman capital of Bashan. Its ruins are five miles in circuit, the walls lofty and massive, and the castle is still one of the strongest fortresses in Syria. Mr. Porter says:

"Among the ruins I saw two theatres, six temples, ten or twelve churches and mosques, besides palaces, baths, fountains, aqueducts, triumphal arches, and other structures almost without number. The old Bozrites must have been men of great taste and enterprise as well as wealth. Some of the buildings I saw there would grace the proudest capital of modern Europe." "Some parts of its wall are still almost perfect; a massive rampart of solid masonry, fifteen feet thick and nearly thirty feet high, with great square towers at intervals. The walled city was almost a rectangle, about a mile and a quarter long by a mile broad. Outside this were large, straggling suburbs. A straight street intersects the city lengthwise, and has a beautiful gate at each end. Other straight streets run across it."

"In one spot, deep down beneath the accumulated remains of more recent buildings, I saw the simple, massive, primitive dwellings of the aborigines, with their stone doors and roofs. These were built and inhabited by the gigantic Emim and Rephaim long before the Chaldean shepherd migrated from Uz to Canaan. High above them rose the classic portico of a Roman temple, shattered and tottering, but still grand in its ruins. Passing between the columns, I saw over its beautifully sculptured doorway a Greek inscription, telling how in the fourth century the temple became a church, and was dedicated to St. John. On entering the building, the record of still another change appeared on the cracked plaster of the walls. Upon it was traced in huge Arabic characters, the well-known motto of Islamism: 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.'"

Salcah is another most remarkable city.

"It has been long deserted; and yet, as nearly as I could estimate, five hundred of its houses are still standing, and from three to four hundred families might settle in it at any moment, without laying a stone or expending an hour's labor on repairs. The circumference of the town and castle together is about three miles."

The castle of Salcah is on the top of a hill some three hundred feet high, the southern point of the Bashan mountain range. The view from the castle wall must be one never to be forgotten; the plain of Moab to the south, the plain of Bashan to the west, and the plain of Arabia to the east. Everywhere towns and villages, still in good preservation, but utterly uninhabited. "From this one spot," Mr. Porter says, "I saw upward of thirty deserted towns."

BIBLICAL PROPHECIES.

One of the deepest impressions on the mind of the traveller in this wonderful land of Bashan must be from the constant recalling of the words of the Bible prophecy. The most fitting and graphic language which could be chosen to-day to describe the condition of these countries is the language which the prophets used in foretelling their desolation. At Kenath, Mr. Porter found the oak forests scarred and thinned in parts by the burning of the trees down for charcoal. He expressed great surprise to his guide, saying: "You will soon make your mountains as bare as Ubelah Sheikh; and where will you go for firewood and charcoal then? You are fools to permit such needless waste and destruction."

"Oh, my lord," said Mahmoud, "it is you Franks alone who have wisdom to look to the future, and power to provide for it. We—what can we do in this unhappy country? We are all wanderers—here to-day, away to-morrow. * * We can have no permanent interest in the ground. We can only hold it, as we have got it, by the sword; and the poorer it looks, the less will our enemies covet it." In Isaiah, 27th, 10th and 11th verses, we find the following words:

"The defensed city shall be desolate, and the habitation forsaken and left like a wilderness. There shall the calf feed, and there shall he lie down and consume the branches thereof. When the boughs thereof are withered, they shall be broken off. The women come and set them on fire, for it is a people of no understanding."

In many parts of the country are still to be seen orchards of fig trees and beautiful terraced vineyards. Though they have been so long uncared for, they still bear fruit; and the Bedouins come from the desert and steal it all.

"O, vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer. The spoiler is fallen upon thy summer fruits and upon thy vintage."—Jeremiah, xlviii, 32.

Moses said, in his account of the conquest of Bashan: "We took all his cities at that time; threescore cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og, in Bashan. All these cities were fenced with high walls, gates, and bars, besides unwalled towns a great many."—Deut. iii, 4, 5.

Mr. Porter says: "I had observed the statement that a single province of Og's kingdom contained threescore great cities, fenced with high walls, gates, and bars, besides unwalled towns a great many. I had examined my map, and had found that the whole of Bashan is not larger than an ordinary English county. * * * Inexplicable, mysterious though it appeared, it was true. On the spot with my own eyes I had now verified it. A list of more than one hundred ruined cities and villages situated in these mountains alone I had in my hands."

An English traveller, Mr. Cecil Graham, has penetrated even further east in Bashan than Mr. Porter—into the utterly deserted country east of the mountains. Here he found "ancient cities and roads, and vast numbers of inscriptions in unknown characters, but not a single inhabitant."

*The Giant Cities of Bashan, and Syria's Holy Places. By Rev. J. L. Porter, A. M., author of "Five Years in Damascus," etc. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

Trouting.

Reader, did you ever land a trout? I do not ask you if you ever jerked some poor little fellow out of a brook three feet across, with a pole six inches round at the butt, and so heavy as to require both hands and feet well braced to hold it out. No, that's not landing a trout. But did you ever sit in a boat, with nine ounces of lance wood for a rod, and two hundred feet of braided silk in your double acting reel, and hook a trout whose strain brought tip and butt together as you checked him in some wild flight, and tested your quivering line from gut to reel knot? No one knows what game there is in a trout, unless he has brought it out, matching such a rod against a three pound fish, with forty feet of water underneath, and a clear unimpeded sweep around him! Ah, then it is within the mottled skin of a trout, and what a miracle of velocity he is when aroused. I love the rifle, and I have looked along the sights and held the leaping blood back by an effort of will, steadying myself for the shot, when my veins fairly tingled with the exhilarating excitement of the moment; but if one should ask me what is my conception of pure physical happiness, I should assure him that the highest bodily beatitude I ever expect to reach is, on some future day, when the clear sun is occasionally veiled by clouds, to sit in a boat once more upon the little lake, with John at the paddle, and match again a Conroy rod against a three pound trout. That's what I call happiness!—*Adventures in the Wilderness, by W. H. H. Murray.*

A Plea for the Little Folks.

Don't expect too much of them; it has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all your lessons of experience; and I will dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all don't expect judgment in a child or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles; don't ridicule them. Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," says the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with all her children's griefs.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their little plans were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime. Lastly, don't think a child hopeless because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undesirable traits, yet we have lived to see those same children become noble men and women, and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values, plenty of love.

☞ Poetry is the art that tells people what they know and feel, but cannot express.

SUGGESTION.

The lad and lass were forced to part,
They kissed and went along;
The sight went into the poet's heart,
And it came out a song.

The sun, down-sloping in the west,
Made gold the evening air;
The sight went into the painter's breast,
And grew to a picture fair.

The mother murmured to her child,
And hushed it yet again;
The sound, as the musician smiled,
Grew music in his brain.

The damsel turned, her hair to bind,
A flower was in her zone;
There grew from out the sculptor's mind,
A damsel carved in stone.

The song was said, the tune was played,
The girl in marble stood,
The sunset in the picture stayed,
And all was sweet and good.

And God, who made these things to be,
The damsel and the sun,
Color and sound, and you and me,
Was pleased to see it done;

And all the angels would be glad
If, in the world he built,
Although there must be some things sad,
No drop of joy were spilt,

But all the beauty in the earth,
And skies, and hearts of men,
Were gently gathered at its birth,
And loved, and born again.

—MATTHEW BROWNE.

SAMHAR (ABYSSINIA) PEASANT DRAWING WATER FOR CATTLE.

The above engraving of an Ethiopian African drawing water, affords an illustration of one of the earliest styles of wells. After this style, in the course of generations, doubtless came the long pole or lever, then the windlass, and, a long time after that, the pump.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE CHURCHYARD PORCH.

Mary Anne Thornycroft had remained at home in a state of mind bordering on distraction. Look where she would, there was no comfort. Surely the death of Robert Hunter had been enough, with all its attendant dreadful circumstances, without this fresh rumor of his "coming again!" Like Mrs. Copp, until impressed with her friend Emma Jenkin's experiences, Miss Thornycroft had never put faith in ghosts. She was accustomed to ridicule those who believed in the one said to haunt the plateau; but her skepticism was shaken now.

She had paid little attention to the first reports, for she knew how prone the ignorant are in general, and Coastdown in particular, to spread supernatural tales. But these reports grew and magnified. Robert Hunter was dead and buried; how then reconcile that fact with this mysterious appearance said to haunt the churchyard? Her mind became shaken; and when, on the previous night, her brother Isaac imparted to her the fact that he had seen it with his own sensible, dispassionate eyes, a sickening conviction flashed over her that it was indeed Robert Hunter's spirit. And now, to confirm it, came the testimony of the matter-of-fact Sarah. Possibly, but for the sad manner in which her nerves had been shaken, this new view might not have been taken up.

"What does it want?" she asked herself, sitting there alone in the gloomy parlor; and certain words just spoken by Sarah recurred to her, as if in answer. "It may want to denounce *its* murderer."—Stronger even than the grief and regret she felt at his untimely fate at the abrupt termination of her unhappy love, was the lively dread of discovery, for Richard's sake. *That* must be guarded against, if it were possible; for what might it not bring in its train? The betrayal of the illicit practices the Red Court Farm had lived by; the dishonor of her father and his house; perhaps the trial—condemnation—execution of Richard.

Sick, trembling, half mad with these reflections, pacing the room in agony, was she, when Richard entered. Had *he* seen the ghost? He looked as if he had. His damp hair hung about in a black mass, and his face and lips were as ghastly as Hunter's. His sister gazed at him with surprise: the always self-possessed Richard!

"Have you come from the village?" she asked.

"From that way."

"Did you happen to turn to the churchyard?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"You know what they say: that *his* spirit appears there."

"I have seen it," was Richard's unexpected answer.

Miss Thornycroft started.

"Oh, Richard! When?"

"Now. I went to look, and I saw it. There's no mistake about its being Hunter, or some fool made up to personate him."

"It has taken away your color, Richard."

Richard Thornycroft did not reply. He sat with his elbow on his knee, and his chin resting on his hand, looking into the fire. The once brave man, brave to recklessness, had been scared for the first time in his mortal life. The crime lying heavily on his soul had made a coward of him.

He said nothing of the details, but they must be supplied. Shortly after Isaac had quitted Tomlett's Richard also left, intending to go straight home. As he struck across to the direct road—not the one by the plateau—a thought came to him to take a look at the churchyard; and he turned to it.

There was Robert Hunter. As Richard's footsteps sounded on the night air, nearing the churchyard, the head and shoulders of the haunting spirit appeared, raising themselves behind old Marley's high tombstone. Richard stood still. "There was no mistake," as he observed to his sister, "that it was Hunter." And the eyes of the two were strained, the one on the other. Suddenly the ghost came into full view and advanced, and Richard Thornycroft turned and fled. An arrant coward he at that moment, alone with the ghost and his awful conscience.

Whether the apparition would have pursued him; whether Richard would have gathered bravery enough to turn and face it, could never be known. The doctor's boy, having been to the heath with old Connaught's physic, ran past shouting and singing "the whistling aloud to keep his courage up," as Bloomfield (is it not?) so subtly says, was not enough now for those who had to pass the churchyard at Coastdown.

The ghost vanished, and Richard strode on to the Red Court Farm.

But he did not tell of all this. Mary Anne, who had been bending her head on the arm of the sofa, suddenly rose, resolution in her face, and in her low, firm tone.

"Richard, if you accompany me for protection, I will go and see this spirit. I will ask what it wants. Let us go."

"You!" he somewhat contemptuously exclaimed.

"I will steel my nerves and heart to it. I have been striving to do so for the last half hour. Better for me to hold communion with it than any one else, save you. You know why, Richard."

"Tush!" he exclaimed. "Do nothing. You'd faint by the way."

"It is necessary for the honor and safety of—of—this house," she urged, not caring to speak more pointedly, "that no stranger should hear what it wants. I will go now. If I wait until to-morrow my courage may fail. I *go*, Richard, whether with you or alone. You are not afraid?"

For answer, Richard rose, and they left the room. In passing through the hall, Mary Anne threw on her woollen shawl and garden-bonnet, just as she had thrown them on the night of Hunter's murder; and they started.

Not a word was spoken by either until they reached the corner of the churchyard. The high, thickset hedge, facing them as they advanced, prevented their seeing into it, but they would soon come in front, where the shrubs grew low behind the iron railings. Miss Thornycroft stopped.

"You stay here, Richard. I will go on alone."

"No," he began, but she peremptorily interrupted him.

"I will have it so. If I am to go on with this, I will be alone. You can keep me within sight." And Richard acquiesced, despising himself for his cowardice, but unable to overcome it. He could not—no, he *could* not face the man whose life he had taken.

Mary Anne Thornycroft opened the gate and went in. In his place (he seemed to have specially appropriated to himself) behind old Marley's tomb, stood Robert Hunter. *How* she contrived to advance—contrived to face him and keep her senses, Mary Anne Thornycroft could never afterwards understand.

Is it of any use to go on mystifying you, my reader? Perhaps from the first you have suspected the truth. Any way, it may be better to solve the secret, for time is growing limited, as it was solved that night to Mary Anne and Richard Thornycroft. The ghost, prowling about still, was looking out for Richard, its sole object all along; but it was Robert Hunter himself and not his ghost. For Robert Hunter was not dead.

He had been in London all the while they mourned him so, as much alive as any of his mourners, quite unconscious that he was looked upon as murdered, and that the county coroner had held an inquest on his body. A week since, he had come down from London to Coastdown, had come in secret, not caring to show himself in the neighborhood, and not daring to show himself openly to the Thornycrofts. He wanted to obtain an interview with Mary Anne; but to want it was a great deal easier than to get it, in consequence of that extravagant and hasty oath imposed upon him by Richard. According to its terms, he must not write to any one of the inmates of the Red Court Farm; he must not enter it; he must not show himself at Coastdown; and he could only hit upon the plan of coming down en cachette, keeping himself close by day, and watching for Richard at night. Not a very brilliant scheme, but he could think of no better; and, singular perhaps to say, there was no bar to his *speaking* to Richard if he met him; if the spirit of the oath provided against that, the letter did not; and Robert Hunter's business was urgent. So he came down to Jutpoint, walked over at night, and took up his quarters in a lonely hut that he knew of behind the churchyard, inhabited by a superannuated fisherman, old Parkes. The aged fisherman, of dim sight and failing memory, did not know his guest; he was easily bribed not to tell of his sojourn; and the rumors of the ghost had not penetrated to him. In that hut Hunter lay by day, and watched from the churchyard by night, as being a likely spot to see Richard, who used often to pass and repass it on his way to and from the heath, and an unlikely one to be seen and recognized by the public. With that convenient tomb of old Marley's to shelter behind whenever footsteps approached, he did not fear. Unfortunately, it was necessary that he should look out to see whether the footsteps were not Richard's; and this looking out had brought about all the terror. His retreating place, when people had intruded into the churchyard, Isaac for one, was under a shelving gravestone at the back of the church, where none would think of looking, and there he had been on the watch, never dreaming that he was being mistaken for his own ghost, for he knew nothing of his supposed murder.

In little more than half-a-dozen sentences this was revealed to Mary Anne Thornycroft. It was the last night that he could stay; and he had resolved, in the fear of having to go back to London with his errand unexecuted, to accost any one of the Thornycroft family that might approach him, although by so doing the oath was infringed. As their voices were borne on the night air to the ear of Richard, sufficient evidence that Hunter was a living man, a load fell from his heart. In the first blissful throb of the discovery, the thought that surged through him, turning darkness into light, was, "If he is alive, I am no murderer." He ran forward, gained the spot where they stood, grasped Hunter's hand and well-nigh embraced him. He, the cold, stern, undemonstrative Richard Thornycroft! he, with all his dislike of Hunter!

Do you consider well what that joy must be—relief from the supposed committed crime of murder? The awful nightmare that has been weighing us down: the sin that has been eating away our heart-strings! Some of us may have faintly experienced this in a vision during sleep.

"I do not understand it, Hunter," whispered Richard, his words taking a sobbing sound as they burst from his heaving breast in the intensity of his emotion. "It is like awaking from some hideous dream. If I shot you down, how is it that you are here?"

"You never shot me down. Old Parkes has been driving at some obscure tale about young Hunter being shot from the heights; but I treated it as a childish old man's fancies. Mary Anne, too, is wearing mourning for me, she says, though ostensibly put on for Lady Ellis, and came here to have speech of my ghost. I thought ghosts had gone out with the eighteenth century."

All three felt bewildered; idea after idea crowding on their minds: not one of them as yet clear or tangible. Mary Anne could not so soon overcome the shivering sensation that had been upon her, and caught hold of her brother's arm for support. There was much of explanation to be had yet.

"Let us go and sit down in the church porch," she said; "we shall be quiet there."

They walked round the narrow path towards it. It was on the side of the church facing the Red Court. The brother and sister placed themselves on one bench: Hunter opposite. The moonlight streamed upon them, but they were in no danger there of being observed by any chance passer-by; for the hedge skirting the ground on that side was high and thick.

"That night," began Richard, "after you had gone away, what brought you back again?"

"Back where?" asked Hunter.

"Back on the plateau. Watching the fellows from the boats."

"I was not there. I did not come back."

The assertion sounded like a false one in the teeth of recollection. Mary Anne broke the silence, her low tone rather an impatient one.

"I *saw* you there, Robert—I and Anna Chester. We were coming up to speak to you, and got as far as the Round Tower—"

"What was worse, *I* saw you," hoarsely broke in Richard. "After what had passed between us, and your solemn oath to me, I felt shocked at your want of faith. I was maddened by your bad feeling, your obstinate determination to spy upon and betray us; and I stood by that same Round Tower and shot you down."

"I don't know what you are talking of," returned Robert Hunter. "I tell you I never came back; never for one moment. I got to Jutpoint by half-past ten or a quarter to eleven—so you may judge that I stepped out well."

"Did Cyril go there with you?"

"Cyril! Of course not. He left me soon after we passed the village. He only came as far as the wherry. I have been looking for Cyril while dodging about in this churchyard. I'd rather have seen him than you. He would not have been violent, you know, and would have carried you my message."

"We have never seen Cyril since that night," said Miss Thornycroft.

"Not seen Cyril!" echoed Hunter. "Where is he?"

"But we are not uneasy about him," said Richard, dropping his voice. "At least, I am not. We expect he went off in the boats with the smugglers when they rowed back to the ship that night after the cargo was run. Indeed, we feel positive of it. My father once did the same, to the terror of my mother. I believe she had him advertised. Cyril is taking a tolerably long spell on the French coast; I think I can account for that. He will come home now."

"Still you have not explained," resumed Hunter. "What gave rise to this report that I was shot down?"

"Report!" cried Richard, vehemently, his new-found satisfaction beginning to fade, as sober recollection returned to him. "Somebody was shot, if you were not. We had the coroner's inquest on him—and he lies buried in this churchyard as Robert Hunter."

"But the features could not have been mine," debated Hunter.

"The face was not recognizable; but the head and hair were yours, and the dress was yours—a black dinner suit; and— By the way," broke off Richard, "what *is* this mystery? This coat, which you appear now to have on, is at this moment in the stables at the Mermaid, and has been ever since the inquest."

Does the reader notice that one word of Richard Thornycroft's—"Appear?" *Appear* to have on! Was he still doubting whether the man before him could be real?

"Oh, this is Dr. Macpherson's," said Hunter, with a brief laugh. "They were fellow coats, you know, Mary Anne. You did not send me my own—at least, I never received it; and one cold day, when I happened to be there, the professor surreptitiously handed me his out of a lumber closet, glad to get rid of it, hoping madame would think it was stolen. She could not forget the grievance of his having bought them. Why did not mine come with the portmanteau?"

More amazement, more puzzle, and Richard further at sea than ever.

"When you left that night, you had your coat with you, Hunter. I saw you put it on."

"But I found it an encumbrance. I had taken more wine than usual. I had had other things to make me hot, and I did not relish the prospect of carrying it, whether on or off, for five or six miles. So I took it off when we got to the wherry, and begged Cyril to carry it back with him, and send it with the portmanteau the following morning."

A pause of thought; it seemed they were trying to realise the sense of the words. Suddenly Mary Anne started, gasped, and laid her face down on her brother's shoulder, with a sharp, low moan of pain. *He* leaned forward and stared at Hunter, a pitiable expression of dread on his countenance, as the moonlight fell on his ghastly face and strained-back lips.

"Cyril said he was glad of it, and put it on, for he had come out without one, and felt cold," continued Hunter, carelessly. "He has not been exposed to all weathers, as I have. It fitted him capitally."

A cry, shrill and wild as that which had broken from the dying man in his fall, now broke from Richard Thornycroft.

"Stop?" he shouted, in the desperation of anguish; "don't you see?"

"See what?" demanded the astonished Hunter.

"*That I have murdered my brother!*"

Alas! alas! As they sat gazing at each other with terror-stricken faces, you might have heard their hearts beat. Poor Richard Thornycroft! Had any awakening to horror been like unto his!

"Murdered your brother?" slowly repeated Hunter.

It was too true. The unfortunate Cyril Thornycroft, arrayed in Hunter's coat, had been mistaken by them for him in the starlight, and Richard had shot him dead. In returning home after parting with Hunter at the wherry, there could be no doubt that he had gone straight to the heights to see whether the work which had been planned for that night with the smugglers was being carried on, or whether the discovery made by Hunter had checked it. It was the coat, the miserable coat, that had deceived them. And there was the general resemblance they bore to each other, as previously mentioned. In height, in figure, in hair, they might have been taken for one another, and had been, even in the daylight, during Hunter's stay at Coastdown. But it was not all this that had led to the dreadful error—it was the fatal and conspicuous coat.

Everything had contributed to the delusion, before life and after death. The face might have been anybody's for all the signs of recognition left in it. They were, and only they, each a black dress dinner-suit, and Cyril, in his forgetfulness, had put away his purse and watch. His money—he generally carried it so—was loose in his pocket: how were they to know that the same custom was not followed by Hunter? The white pocket-handkerchief happened to bear no mark, and his linen was not disturbed. Nothing was taken off him but his upper clothes, the coat and the above-said dinner-suit. It was an exceptional death, you see, not a pleasant one to handle, and they just put a shroud over the under clothes, and so buried him. But for that would have been seen on the shirt the full mark—"Cyril Thornycroft."

Who shall attempt to describe the silence of horror that fell on the church porch after the revelation? Richard quitted his seat and stood upright, looking out, as it seemed; and his sister's head then sought a leaning-place against the cold trellis-work.

"How was it you never wrote to me?" at length asked Robert Hunter, in low voice. "Had you done so, this mystery would have been cleared up."

"Wrote to *you!*" wailed Richard. "Do you forget we thought you were here?" stamping his foot on the sod of the churchyard.

"I can hardly understand it yet," mused Robert Hunter.

Richard Thornycroft turned and touched his sister. "Let us go home, Mary Anne. We have heard enough."

Without a word of dissent or approval, she rose and put her arm within Richard's; her face white and rigid as it had been at the coroner's inquest. Hunter spoke then.

"But, Mary Anne—what I wanted to say to you—I have not yet said a word of it."

"I cannot talk to-night," she shuddered. "I cannot—I cannot."

"Then—I suppose—I must stay another day," he rejoined, wondering privately what would be said and thought of him in London. "May I come to the Red Court to-morrow?"

"If you will," answered Richard. "No necessity for concealment now. I absolve you from your oath."

But Mary Anne saw further than either of them; saw that it would not do. Richard walked forward, but she remained, and touched Mr. Hunter on the arm.

"No, Robert, it must not be. You must still be in this neighborhood—for a time at any rate—as dead and buried."

"Why? Far better to let them know I have not been murdered: and set their suspicions at rest."

"That you have not, but that another has," she returned, resentfully. "Would you have them rake up the matter, and hold a second inquest, and so set them upon my unfortunate brother Richard? His punishment, as it is, will be sufficiently dreadful and lasting."

"Do not speak to me in that tone of reproach," was the pained rejoinder. "You may be sure that I deeply sympathise and grieve with you all. I will continue to conceal myself; but how shall I see you? One more day, and business will enforce my return to London."

"I will see you here, in this place, to-morrow night."

"At what hour?"

"As soon as dusk comes on. Say seven."

"You will not fail, Mary Anne?"

"Fail!" she repeated, vehemently. Then, in a quieter tone, as she would have walked away, "No; I will be sure to come."

Robert Hunter grasped her hand, as if to draw her towards him for a fond embrace, but Miss Thornycroft wrenched her hand away with a half cry, and went on to join her brother. "Good night, dear Robert," she presently called out, in a gentle voice, as if to atone for her abrupt movement: but oh! what a mine of anguish that voice betrayed!

In the midst of the same silence that they had come in, they went back again, walking side by side in the road, but not touching each other. Ah! what anguish it was that lay on both of them! We never know; in great affliction we are so apt to think that we can bear nothing worse, and live. It had seemed to Richard Thornycroft and his sister, when they went down to the churchyard, that no heavier weight of misery could be theirs than that lying on them; it seemed now in going back, as if it had been light, compared with this.

"Richard," she whispered, in her great pity, as they passed through the entrance gates of the Red Court Farm, "he is better off; he was fit to go. You know it must be so. Cyril is in heaven with God; it seems now as if he had been living on for it."

Richard hardly heard the words. He was thinking his own thoughts. "The death must have been a painless one."

She was true to her promise. The following evening, when dark fell and before the moon was up, Robert Hunter and Miss Thornycroft sat once more in the church porch. The night was very cold, sharp, raw; but from a feeling of considerable delicacy, which she understood and mentally thanked him for, he was without a great-coat. He rightly judged that the only one he had with him could in her eyes be nothing but an object of horror.

What a day that had been at the Red Court! Mr. Thornycroft had sat on the magisterial bench at Jutpoint, trying petty offenders, unconscious that there was a greater offender in his own house demanding punishment. Richard Thornycroft felt inclined to proclaim the truth and deliver himself up to justice. The remorse which had taken possession of him was greater than he knew how to bear; and it seemed that to expiate his offence at the criminal bar of his country, would be more tolerable than to let it thus prey upon him in silence, eating away his heart and his life. Consideration for his father and sister, for their honorable reputation, alone withheld him. He and Cyril had been fond brothers. Cyril of delicate health and gentle manners, had been, as it were, the pet of the robust justice and his robust elder sons. The home, so far as Richard was concerned, must be broken up: he would go abroad, the farther distant the better. But for his sister, he had started that day. Something of this she told Mr. Hunter, in an outburst of her great suffering.

"Oh, Robert! even allowing that he shall escape, what a secret it will be for me and my brother Isaac to carry through life!"

"Time will soften it to you. You are both innocent."

"Time will never soften it to me. My dear brother Cyril!—so loving to us all, so *good!*"

Her hands were before her face, as if she would conceal its tribulation from the dark night. Robert Hunter, who had been standing, drew her hands within his, sat down

beside her on the narrow bench, and kept them there.

"Time is wearing on, Mary Anne, and I must be at Jutpoint to-night. May I say what I came down from town to say? Though it pains me to enter upon it now you are in this grief."

"What is it, Robert?"

"You have not forgotten that there was a probability of my going abroad? Well, the arrangements are now concluded, and I start in the course of a few days. I did not think of being off before the summer, but it has been settled differently."

"Yes. Well?"

"This alters my position altogether in a pecuniary point of view, and I shall now rest at ease, the future assured. The climate is excellent; the residence out all that can be wished for. In a week from this I ought to take my departure."

"Yes," she repeated, in the same tone of apathy as before. "What else? Make haste, Robert—I must be gone; I am beginning to shiver. I have these shivering fits often now."

"I want you to go with me, my love," he whispered, in an accent of deep tenderness. "I came down to urge it; but now that this unfortunate affair has been made known to me, I would doubly urge it. As my wife, you will forget—"

"Be quiet, Robert!" she impetuously interrupted, "you cannot know what you are saying."

"Yes, I do; I wish you to understand. I may be away for five years."

"So much the better. You and I, of all people in the world, must live apart. Was this what you had to say?"

"I thought you loved me," he rejoined, quite petrified at her words.

"I did love you; I do love you; if to avow it will do any good now. But this dreadful sorrow has placed a barrier between us."

There ensued a bitter pause. Robert Hunter was smarting with a sense of injustice.

"Mary Anne! Surely you are not laying on *me* the blame of that terrible calamity!"

"Listen, Robert," she returned. "I am not so unjust as to blame you for the actual calamity, but I cannot forget that you and I have been the cause of it."

"You!"

"Yes, I. When my father heard that I had invited you down, he came to me, and forbid me to let you come. I see now why. They did not want strangers in the house, who might see more than was expedient. He commanded me to write and stop you. I disobeyed; I thought papa spoke but in compliance with a whim of Richard's; and I would not write. Had I obeyed him, all this would have been spared. Again, when you and I told what the supervisor said, that there were smugglers abroad, my father ordered us, you especially, not to interfere. Had you observed his wishes to the letter, Cyril would have been alive now. These reflections haunt me continually; they will be mine for ever. No, Robert, you and I must live apart. If I were to marry you, I should expect Cyril to rise reproachfully before me on our wedding-day."

"Oh, Mary Anne! Believe me you see matters in a false light. If—"

"I will not discuss it," she peremptorily interrupted, "it would be of no avail, and I shudder while I speak. Spare me argument."

"I think that you are forgetting that I have a stake in the matter as well as yourself," he quietly said, his tone proving how great the pain was. "Do you not know what, deprived of you, my future life will be? At least, I have a right to say a few words."

"Well—yes, that's true. I suppose I did forget, Robert."

"Forgive me then for reminding you that the sole and immediate cause of Cyril's death, is *Richard*. I did nothing whatever to help it on; my conscience is clear; the most prejudiced man could not charge me with it. And you? It is certainly a pity—I am speaking plainly—that you disobeyed Mr. Thornycroft in allowing me to come to the Red Court; it was very wrong; but still you did it not with any ill intention, and certainly do not merit the punishment of being condemned to live a lonely life."

"But Richard is my brother. See what it has brought on *him*."

"What he has brought upon himself," corrected Mr. Hunter. "I do not see that his being your brother throws, or should be allowed to throw, any bar upon your marriage with me. You would not say so had he been a stranger."

"Where is the use of arguing?" she broke in. "I cannot bear it; I will not hear it. All is at an end between us. Do you forgive me, Robert, if I cause you pain? Nothing in the world, or out of it, shall ever induce me to become your wife."

"Is this your fixed determination?"

"Fixed and unalterable. Fixed as those stars above us. Fixed as Cyril's grave."

"Then it only remains for me to return the way I came," he gloomily said. "And the sooner I start the better."

They stood up; looking for a moment each into the other's face. There was no relenting in hers.

"Fare you well, Mary Anne."

She put her hand into his, and, overcome by the dead anguish at her heart, burst into tears. He drew her to his breast. None can know what that anguish was to her, even of the parting. He held her to him and soothed her sobs, now with a loving look, now with a gentle action; and then he broke into words of passionate entreaty, that she would retract her cruel determination, and suffer him to speak to her father. But he little knew Mary Anne Thornycroft if he thought that she would yield.

"Say no more; it is quite useless. Oh, Robert, don't you see it is as bitter for me as for you?"

"No; or you would not inflict it."

"Strive to forget me, Robert," she murmured. "We have been very dear to each other, but you must find some one else now. Perhaps we may meet in after life—when you are a happy man with wife and children!"

He went with her to the churchyard gates, and watched her as she turned to her home. And so they parted. Robert Hunter retraced his steps up the churchyard, and from behind a gravestone, where he had laid them out of sight, took up his little black travelling-bag, and the rolled-up coat, the counterpart of which had proved so unlucky a coat for the Red Court Farm. He never intended to put it on again—at least in the neighborhood of Coastdown. Then he set off to walk to Jutpoint, avoiding the road by means of a by-path, as he had set off to walk that guilty night some weeks before.

The night had clouded over, the stars disappeared, the moon was not seen. Drops of rain began to fall, threatening a heavy shower. On it came, thicker and faster; wetter and wetter got he; but it may be questioned whether he gave to it one single thought.

His reflections were buried quite as much in the past as in the present. He murmured to himself the word "RETRIBUTION." He asked how *he* could ever have dreamt of indulging a prospect of happiness; he almost laughed at the utter mockery of the hope. As he had blighted his wife's life, so had Mary Anne Thornycroft, his late and only love, now blighted his. She—poor Clara—had died of the pain; he, of sterner stuff, must carry it along with him. Amid his days of labor, through his nights of perhaps broken rest, it would lie upon him—a well-earned recompense! No murmur came forth from his heart or lips; he simply bowed his head in acknowledgment of the justice. God was ever true. And Robert Hunter lifted his hat in the pouring rain, and raised his eyes to heaven in sad thankfulness that the pain his sin had caused was at length made clear to him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE DOG-CART TO JUTPOINT.

But there's something yet to tell of the evening. It was getting towards dusk when Isaac Thornycroft went his way to Captain Copp's, intending boldly to ask Miss Chester to take a walk with him, should there be no chance of getting a minute with her alone at home.

The state in which he was living, touching his wife's estrangement (not their separation, that was a present necessity), was getting unbearable; and Isaac, who had hitherto shunned an explanation, came to the rather sudden resolution of seeking it. Although his brother had shot Robert Hunter, it could not be said to be a just reason for Anna's resenting it upon *him*. Not a syllable did Isaac yet know of the discovery that had taken place, or that Cyril was the one lying in the churchyard.

In the free and simple community of Coastdown, doors were not kept closed, and people entered at will. Rather, then, to Isaac's surprise, as he turned the handle of Captain Copp's, he found it was fastened, so that he could not enter. At the same moment his eyes met his wife's, who had come to the window to reconnoitre. There was no help for it, and she had to go and let him in.

"At home alone, Anna! Where are they all? Where's Sarah?"

Anna explained: bare facts, however, not motives. It appeared that the gallant captain, considerably lowered in his own estimation by the events of the past night, and especially that he should be so in the sight of his "womenkind," proposed a little jaunt that day to Jutpoint by way of diverting their thoughts, and perhaps his own, from the ghost and its reminiscences. His mother—recovered from her incipient cold—she was too strong-minded a woman for diseases to seize upon heartily—agreed readily, as did his wife. Not so Anna. She pleaded illness and begged to be left at home. It was indeed no false plea, for her miserable state of mind was beginning to tell upon her. They had been expected home in time for tea, and had not come. Anna supposed they contrived to miss the omnibus, which was in fact the case, and could not now return until late. How Mrs. Sam Copp would be brought by the churchyard was a thing easier wondered at than told. As to Sarah, she had but now stepped out on some necessary errands to the village.

In the satisfaction of finding the field undisturbed for the explanation he wished entered on, Isaac said nothing about his wife being left in the house alone, which he by no means approved of. It was not dark yet, only dusk: but Anna said something about getting lights.

"Not yet," said Isaac. "I want to talk to you; there's plenty of light for that."

She sat down on the sofa; trembling, frightened, sick. If her husband was the slayer of Robert Hunter—as she believed him to be—it was not agreeable to be in the solitary house with him; it was equally disagreeable to have to tell him to go out of it. Ah, but for that terrible belief, what a happy moment this snatch of intercourse might have been to them! this sole first chance for weeks and weeks of being alone, when they might speak together of future plans with a half-hour's freedom.

She took her seat on the sofa, scarcely conscious what she did in her sick perplexity. Isaac sat down by her, put his arm round her waist, and would have kissed her. But she drew to the other end of the large sofa with a gesture of evident avoidance, and burst into tears. So he got up and stood before her.

"Anna, this must end, one way or the other; it is what I came here to-night to say. The separated condition in which we first lived after our return was bad enough, but that was pleasant compared to what it afterwards became. It is some weeks now since you have allowed me barely to shake you by the hand; never if you could avoid it. Things cannot go on so."

She made no reply. Only sat there trembling and crying, her hands before her face.

"What have I done to you? Come, Anna, I must have an answer. What have I done to you?"

She spoke at last, looking up. In her habit of implicit obedience, there was no help for it; there could be none when the order came from *him*.

"Nothing—to me."

"To whom, then? What is it?"

"Nothing," was all she repeated.

"Nothing! Do you repent having married me?"

"I don't know."

The answer seemed to pain him. He bent his handsome face a little towards her, pushing back impatiently his golden hair, as if the fair bright brow needed coolness.

"I thought you loved me, Anna?"

"And you know I did. Oh, that is it! The misery would be greater if I loved you less."

"Then why do you shun me?"

"Is there not a cause why I should?" she asked in a low tone, after a long pause.

"*I* think not. Will you tell me what the cause may be?"

She glanced up at him, she looked down, she smoothed unconsciously the silk apron on which her nervous hands rested, but she could not answer. Isaac saw it, and, bending nearer to her, he spoke in a whisper.

"Is it connected with that unhappy night—with what took place on the plateau?"

"I think you must have known all along that it is."

"And you consider it a sufficient reason for shunning me?"

"Yes, do not *you*?"

"Certainly not."

Great though her misery was, passionately though she loved him still, the cool assertion angered her. It gave her courage to speak that nothing else could have given.

"It was a dark crime; the worst crime that the world can know. Does it not lie on your conscience?"

"No; I could not hinder it."

"Oh, Isaac! Had it been anything else; anything but *murder*, I could have borne it. How you can bear it, and live, I cannot understand."

"Why should I make another's sin mine? No one can deplore it as I do; but it is not my place to answer for it. I do not understand you, Anna."

She did not understand. What did his words mean?

"Did you not kill Robert Hunter?"

"*I* kill him! You are dreaming, Anna! I was not near the spot."

"Isaac! ISAAC!"

"Child! have you been fearing *that*?"

"For nothing else, for nothing else could I have shunned you. Oh, Isaac! my dear husband, how could the mistake arise?"

"I know not. A mistake it was; I affirm it to you before God. I was not on the plateau at all that night."

He opened his arms, gravely smiling, and she passed into them with a great cry. Trembling, moaning, sobbing; Isaac thought she would have fainted. Placing her by his side on the sofa, he kept still, listening to what she had to say.

"As I looked out of the Round Tower in the starlight, I caught a momentary glimpse of—as I thought—you, and I saw the hand that held the pistol take aim and fire. I thought it *was* you, and I fainted. I have thought it ever since. Mary Anne, in a word or two that we spoke together, seemed to confirm it."

"Mary Anne knew it was not I. It is not in my nature to draw a pistol on any man. Surely, Anna, you might have trusted me better!"

"Oh, what a relief!" she murmured, "what a relief!" then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike her, she turned her face to his and spoke, her voice hushed.

"It must have been Richard. You are alike in figure."

"Upon that point we had better be silent," he answered, in quite a solemn tone. "It is a thing that we are not called upon to inquire into; let us avoid it. I am innocent: will not that suffice?"

"It will more than suffice for me," she answered. "Since that night I have been most wretched."

"You need not have feared me in any way, Anna," was the reply of Isaac Thornycroft. "Were it possible that my hand could become stained with the blood of a fellow-creature, I should hasten to separate from you quicker than you could from me. Whatever else such an unhappy man may covet, let him keep clear of wife and children."

"Forgive me, Isaac! Forgive me!"

"I have not been exempt from the follies of young men, and I related to you the greater portion of my share of them, after we married," he whispered. "But of dark crime I am innocent—as innocent as you are."

"Oh, Isaac! my husband, Isaac!"

He bent his face on hers, and she lay there quietly, her head nestling in his bosom. It seemed to her like a dream of heaven after the past; a very paradise.

"You will forgive me, won't you?" she softly breathed.

"My darling!"

But paradise cannot last forever, as you all know; and one of them at any rate found himself very far on this side it ere the night was much older. As Sarah let herself into the house with her back-door key, Isaac quitted it by the front, and bent his steps across the heath.

In passing the churchyard, he stood and looked well into it. But there was no sign of the ghost, and Isaac went on again. How little did he suspect that at that very self-same moment the ghost was seated round in the church porch, in deep conversation with his sister! Having an errand in the village, he struck across to it; and on his final return home a little later, he was astonished to overtake his sister at the entrance gates of the Red Court Farm, her forehead pressed upon the ironwork, and she sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Mary Anne! what is the matter? What brings you here?"

"Come with me," she briefly said. "If I do not tell some one, I shall die."

Walking swiftly to one of the benches on the lawn, she sat down on it, utterly indifferent to the rain that was beginning to fall. Isaac followed her wonderingly. Poor thing! the whole of the previous day and night she had really almost felt as if she should die—die from the weight of the fearful secret, and the want of some one to confide in. Richard was the only one who shared it, and she was debarred by pity from talking to him.

There, with the fatal plateau in front of him, and the rain coming down on their devoted heads, Isaac Thornycroft learnt the whole—learnt to his dismay, his grief, his horror, that the victim had been his much-loved brother Cyril; and that Robert Hunter was still in life.

He took his hat off, and wiped his brow; and then held his hat before his face, after the fashion of men going into church—held it for some minutes. Mary Anne in her own deep emotion did not notice his.

"Isaac, don't you pity me?"

"I pity us all."

"And there will be the making it known to papa. He must be told."

"Ay."

"Richard will leave Coastdown for ever. He could not remain in it, he says. I am not competent to advise him, Isaac. You must."

"Richard has never yet taken any advice but his own."

"Ah! but he is changed to-day. He has been changed a little since that dreadful night. I suppose you have known all along that it was Richard who—who did it?"

"Not from information; I saw that you knew; that you were in his confidence. Of course I could not help being sure in my own mind that it must have been Richard. I fancy"—he turned and looked full at his sister—"that Miss Chester thought it was I."

"Yes, I know she did," was the assured answer. "It was better to let her think so. Safer for Richard, better for you."

"Why better for me?"

"Because—it is not a moment to be reticent, Isaac—Anna Chester once appeared too much inclined to like you. That would never do, you know."

He turned his head away; a soft remembrance parting his lips, a look of passionate love, meant for his absent wife, lighting his eyes.

"You will get wet sitting here, Mary Anne."

She rose, and they went indoors. Isaac was passing straight through to the less used rooms when his sister stopped him.

Rooms that would never have been closed to the rest of the house, but for the smuggling practices so long carried on by the Thornycroft family. In the rooms themselves there was absolutely nothing that could have led to betrayal, or any reason why they might not have been open to all the household; but it was necessary to keep that part of the house closed always, except to Mr. Thornycroft and his sons, lest it should have been penetrated to at the few exceptional times when the cargo was being run, or the dog-cart laden subsequently with the spoil. When once the cargo was safely lodged in the cavern within the rocks, it might remain there in security to some convenient time for removing it. This was always done at night. Richard and Isaac Thornycroft, Tomlett and Hyde, brought up sufficient of the parcels to fill the dog-cart, which one of the sons, sometimes both, would then drive away with and deposit with Hopley, their agent at Dartfield, whose business it was to convey the booty to its final destination. The next night more would be taken away, and so on. Sometimes so large was the trade done, so swift were the operations, that one cargo would not be all sent away before another was landed. At another period perhaps three months elapsed and no boat came in. With this frequent going out by night with the dog-cart, no wonder the young Thornycrofts got the credit of being loose in their habits, and that the justice encouraged the notion.

The sumptuous dinners at the Red Court Farm (or suppers, according to the convenience and time of year,) were kept up as a sort of covering to the illicit doings. When the gentlemen of the neighborhood, including the superintendent of the coastguard, had their legs under the hospitable board, or the servants subsequently under theirs in the kitchen, they could not be wandering about out of doors, seeing inexpedient things. It was not often of late years Mr. Thornycroft aided in the run; he left it to Richard and Isaac, and stayed with his guests. On the night Lady Ellis saw him he had gone out, found there was a sea fog, and came in again; denying it afterwards to her (as faithful Hyde had done) lest she should next question why he changed his coat and put on leggings.

The late superintendent, Mr. Dangerfield, had allowed rule to get lax altogether, but he had, of course, a certain amount of watching kept up. On the occasion of a dinner or supper at the Red Court (always given when a cargo was waiting to be run), Mr. Dangerfield would contrive to let his men know that he was going to it; as a matter of fact, not a man troubled himself to go near the plateau that night; the Mermaid had them instead; and all too often it happened that one of the young Mr. Thornycrofts would go in and stand treat. No fear of the men's stirring any more than their master. But from the fact of the Half-moon beach being visible only from the plateau, and for the supernatural tales connected with the latter, they had never escaped being seen as long as they did.

The ghostly stories—not of Robert Hunter—had done more than all to prevent discovery. It could not be said that the Thornycrofts raised them in the first place; they did not; but when they perceived how valuable an adjunct they were likely to prove, they took care to keep them up. Report went that the late Mrs. Thornycroft had died from the fears induced by the superstition. It was as well to keep up that belief also; but she had died from nothing of the sort. What she had really died of—so to say—was the smuggling. When the discovery came to her at first, through an accident, of the practices carried on by her husband and sons—as they had been by her husband's brother and his father before him—it had been a great shock. A timid, right-minded, refined woman, the dread of discovery was perpetually upon her afterwards; she lived in a state of inward fear night and day; and this most probably induced the disorder of which she died—a weakness that got gradually worse and worse, and ended in death. When she was dying, not before, she told them it had killed her. Had Mr. Thornycroft known of it earlier, he might have given it up for her sake, for he was a fond husband. But he had not known of it; and her death and its unhappy cause left upon them a great sorrow; one that could not be put away. The same grief at the practices, and dread of what a persistence in them might bring forth, had likewise lain on Cyril, and been the secret of his declining to take Orders so long as they should be carried on. Mr. Thornycroft himself was getting somewhat tired of it, as he told Cyril; he had made plenty of money, but Richard would not hear of their being given up.

Perhaps from habit more than anything else, Isaac was passing on to the back rooms, but Mary Anne arrested him. "Stay with me a little while, Isaac; you do not know how lonely it is for me now."

He acquiesced at once. He was ever good-natured and kind, and they turned into the sitting-room, she calling a servant to take her shawl and bonnet. Not empty, as she had anticipated, was the parlor, for Richard was there.

"I have told Isaac all," said Mary Anne, briefly. And Isaac, in his great compassion, went up to his brother and laid his hand on him kindly.

Poor Richard Thornycroft! His eyes hollow, his brow fevered, his hands burning, he paced there still in his terrible remorse. A consuming fire had set in, to prey upon him for all time. He spoke a few disjointed words to Isaac, as if in extenuation.

"I felt half maddened at Hunter's duplicity of conduct that night. I had warned him that I would shoot him if he went again on the plateau, and I thought I was justified in doing so. *Why* did Cyril put the coat on?"

"Let this be a consolation to you, Richard—that you did not intend to harm your brother," was all the comfort Isaac could give.

"Had it been any one but my brother! had it been any but my brother," was the wailing answer. "The curse of Cain rests upon me."

Walking about still in his restlessness as he said it! He had never sat, or lain, or rested since leaving the churchyard the previous night, but paced about as one in the very depths of despair. Mary Anne slipped the bolt of the door, and they began to consult as to the future. At this dread consultation, every word of which will linger in the remembrance of the three during life, Richard decided upon his plans. To remain in the neighborhood of the fatal scene, ever again to look upon the Half-moon beach where the dead had lain, he felt would drive him mad. In Australia he might in time find something like rest.

"I shall leave to-night," said he.

"To-night!" echoed Isaac, in great surprise.

Richard nodded. "You will drive me to Jutpoint, won't you, Isaac?"

"If you must really go."

"And when shall we see you again?" inquired Mary Anne.

"Never again."

"Never again! never again!" she repeated, with a moan. "Oh, Richard, never again!"

It was a shock to Mr. Thornycroft, when he drove home an hour later from Jutpoint, to find his eldest and (as people had looked upon it) his favorite son waiting to bid him farewell forever. They did not disclose to him the fearful secret—either that it was Cyril who had died, or that it was Richard who had shot him—leaving that to be revealed later. They said Richard had fallen into a serious scrape, which could only be kept quiet by his quitting the place for a few years, and begged him not to inquire particulars; that the less said about it the better. Justice Thornycroft obeyed in his surprise, for the communication had half stunned him.

And so they parted. Once more in the middle of the night—in the little hours intervening between dark and dawn—the dog-cart was driven on from the Red Court Farm: not bearing this time a quantity of valuable lace or other booty, but simply a portmanteau of Richard's, with a few articles of clothing flung hastily into it. He sat low down in the seat, his hat over his brows, his arms folded, his silence stern. And thus Isaac, on the high cushion by his side, drove him to Jutpoint to catch the early morning train.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Betel-Nut Chewing.

It may not be generally known to the readers of this journal that there is a vegetable substance used for masticatory purposes by more than 150,000,000 of intelligent people. We do not refer to tobacco, but to the areca, or betel-nut, a plant that has become almost one of the necessaries of life to many persons.

The plant from which betel is procured belongs (I find from botanical books) to the natural family *Piperaceæ*, of which the pepper-trees are the best known genera.

The betel-tree is from thirty to forty feet in height, each tree bearing from four hundred to six hundred nuts about the size of a small egg and the color of an orange.

The taste of betel is hot and acrid, and the habit of using it has to be acquired like the use of ardent spirits or tobacco. Chewing the betel gives the mouth and lips a bright red color much admired in the East, and imparts to the breath an agreeable perfume. In time it makes the teeth quite black, but this is regarded as one of its advantages, as it prevents a man having "white teeth like a dog."

Having devoted some attention to the unfortunate people who have heedlessly acquired the habit of masticating tobacco, betel, preparations from opium, and other substances, I do not believe that with the vast majority the intoxicating effect is the motive for using them. A man may form a habit quite as strong for chewing many kinds of gum, leather, or anything else, if he is foolish enough to use them in that manner. I have known people continually chewing rice, which they kept in their pockets for the purpose. The habit became pleasant even with so tasteless a substance. The occupation of chewing cocoa, betel, tobacco, manbee, sugar-cane, siri, and other substances, is only followed by people with indolent minds, and not having constant and pressing employment. This occupation prevents profound reflection or active thought, which is painful to a lazy intellect. The toil of the brain is relieved by that of mastication, and this I believe to be a simple and true explanation of the almost universal habit of chewing something.

Much as we may condemn the natives of the East for the use of the betel, there is not one of them but what would be disgusted at the idea of chewing tobacco in the manner it is used by English and American sailors. Although the habit of chewing betel is a useless, and consequently a silly one, there is nothing so disgusting in it as many refined Europeans may imagine. It has none of the extreme horrors of gin drinking or opium eating. The natives of the East have rules of etiquette and notions of refinement of their own, and many betel chewers are people of refinement after their fashion, and would certainly not wear a dead person's hair, or consent to be made "beautiful for ever."

FRANCE.—The returns from France of the elections recently held there for members of the Corps Legislatif, are now very nearly complete, sufficiently so, at least, to have determined the fact that the Government has lost but little, and the Opposition not gained more than three or four additional representatives. Among the probable losses of the latter may be counted, we fear, M. Jules Favre, one of their ablest and best men. From this it is only fair to infer that the people are on the whole satisfied with the rule of the Emperor.

☞ In a late article on the "Deterioration of the Farming Interest in New England," written for the Country Gentleman by Levi Bartlett, of Warner, N. H., it is said that "in most of the hill towns the rural population have largely decreased within the past twenty-five years; and during the same period many hundreds of what were once considered good and productive farms have been abandoned, the buildings removed and most of the lands thrown out to pasture, large portions of which will eventually be covered with a forest growth."

☞ Sixty-five per cent. of the male population of Spain, and eighty-six per cent. of its female population, are unable to read or write. Only about one in every thirteen of the population goes to school. This does not speak well for the prospect of establishing a republic in that country.

☞ A man in Clinton, Iowa, telegraphs to the sheriff of Lee county, Ill., as follows: "Arrest Charles P. W., eloping with my wife. Owes me one hundred dollars. If he pays, let him go."

☞ Rock Island begged to have the Illinois Blind Asylum located there, among other reasons, because "the attractions of the scenery are unrivalled."

☞ A solicitous parent in this city recently sent his daughter to a noted oculist to see if she could be cured of winking to certain acquaintances she is wont to meet on the street.

A Prudent Experiment.

A gentleman of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, being fatigued with this present state of existence, proceeded to a neighboring stream with a view of trying the water cure as a remedy for the sum of the ills which his flesh had inherited. He had the prudence, however, before trusting himself to an element which might not, in case he should rue, cheerfully consent to a release, to try the experiment with a boulder. Not liking the splash which followed the immersion of his vicarious representative, he reviewed his determination, and returned dry to the bosom of his family. The plan was a prudent one, and perhaps, although not perfectly satisfactory in a scientific point of view, the best that could be tried to obtain an answer to the question how he liked it as far as he had gone.

☞ JUSTICE IN TEXAS.—Here is an instance of the way they do justice in Texas. A black mare was stolen from a livery stable, and after search was heard from in a distant town. The proprietors sent a messenger after her, and a day or two afterwards received a despatch as follows: "Your mare is here; I will bring her; thief hung."

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FOR
GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS.

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Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?
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Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S the largest Clothing House in the city?
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Question. Why is Wanamaker & Brown's CHEAPER than other places?
Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
Question. Do they have fine goods "READY MADE," as well as lower grades?
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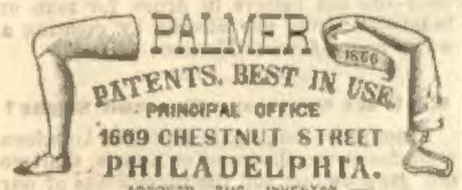

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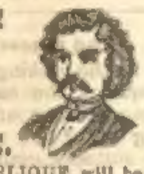

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The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,
329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
feb13-1y

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS.—Wanted First Class Agents Male and Female. We have nothing for curiosity seekers, but *steady* and very *profitable* employment for those who *really* mean business. For full particulars by return mail, address enclosing a 3 cent stamp,
C. L. VANALLEN & CO.,
my29-13t 171 Broadway, New York.

$1, GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR.—Agents will please cut this out, and send for particulars, to PARMELEE & CO.,
my8-3m 738 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 25 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O, Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. ap17-17t

MAKE YOUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHS. A package, with full directions, mailed for 25 cents. Success guaranteed. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my8-3m

GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy, on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

HOW THE SUCCESSFUL TRAPPER prepares his bait. Instructions ten cents. Address Box 91 Bethalto, Ills.

WHY WILL YOU WORK FOR $1.50 a day when you can make $50 a week in our new business? Can be done indoor by either sex. We have 100 new articles never before introduced and wanted in every house. Samples sent on receipt of 10 cts. Address WALTER HOLT, 102 Nassau St., New York. my15-6t

SLOW HORSES MADE FAST, and fast horses made faster. Simple, practical instructions for improving speed and style, and other valuable information for horse owners, in No. 19 of *Haney's Journal*, only Five cts. of newsdealers or JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., New York. Has exposures of humbugs.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

FOR $100 PER LINE

We will insert an advertisement in **one thousand Newspapers, one month.** The list includes **single papers of over 100,000 circulation weekly,** more than **100 daily papers,** in which the advertiser obtains 24 insertions to the month, and the **leading papers in more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete files can be examined at our office.** Send stamp for our circular. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, SCROFULA.—A lady who had suffered for years from DEAFNESS, CATARRH, and SCROFULA, was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompts her to send the receipts free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J.

TEN PER CENT.
MICHIGAN BONDS
For sale by A. WILKINS, Detroit, Mich.

EARTHQUAKE.—Better inducements than ever offered to persons getting up clubs for our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE. Send for new circulars. J. A. SHERBURNE & CO., 59 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

SELAT—More Valuable than Gold.—For particulars send two 3 cent stamps to AUGUSTE DUPIN, Box 1027, Cincinnati, O.

MYSTERY.—Spirit Photographs sent for 25 cents. Address *Spirit Picture Co.*, 34 Liberty St., N. Y.

WHOEVER

Will act as agent, either lady or gentleman, can earn in an evening a Web of Sheeting, Silk Dress Pattern, Watch, Carpet, Set of Waverley Novels, &c., &c., or selections from a great variety of other articles, as commissions in our

GREAT SPRING TRADE SALE,

Comprising over 250 different articles. Send for catalogues. PARKER & CO., 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

$2000 SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO CO., N. Y.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
GLOBE FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY,
No. 6 Dey Street, New York.
Great reduction in price. No. 1 $15; No. 2 $10. No. 3 $5. First class agents wanted. Address as above.

$10 Per Day Guaranteed

Agents to sell the **Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.** It makes the *Lock Stitch, alike on both sides*, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any sewing machine ever invented. Price $25. Warranted for 3 years. Send for circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

BUILDERS send for catalogue of all new *Architectural Books and Journals.* Address A. J. BICKNELL & Co., Pub'rs, Troy, N. Y., or Springfield, Ill.

PATENTS.—Munn & Co., Editors Scientific American, 37 Park Row, New York. Twenty-three years' experience in obtaining AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PATENTS.

Opinions no charge. A pamphlet, 100 pages of law and information free. Address as above.

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

TRY THE BEST
ONE DOLLAR SALE
IN THE COUNTRY.

☞ If required, agents NEED NOT PAY FOR THE GOODS UNTIL DELIVERED.

Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circular.
S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,
136 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S ADVERTISING AGENCY.

"They have reduced advertising to a more perfect system than has been known heretofore."—*Hazelton (Pa.) Sentinel, Oct. 31, 1867.*

"Whatever is prompt, methodical and straightforward, they practice in their dealings and only that."—*Boston Commonwealth, Nov. 30, 1867.*

"They now probably do the heaviest advertising business in the country."—*Manchester (N. H.) Daily Union, Jan. 25, 1868.*

"Their establishment is perhaps the most extensive in the United States."—*Cape Ann Advertiser, Gloucester, Mass.*

"This firm is now the most substantial business house for advertising in the country."—*American Mining Index, (N. Y.) April 2, 1868.*

"With their reputation they can and do get the lowest and most advantageous terms."—*Mishawaka (Ind.) Enterprise.*

We are prepared to receive advertisements for all American Newspapers, at prices as low as can be obtained at the offices of publication.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
40 Park Row, New York.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S

Circular to Advertisers,

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS,

CONTAINING

A List of Seven Hundred and Fifty choice Advertising mediums, subdivided into more than 50 as all Lists, with Price Cards showing the cost of any advertisement from one line to one column.

A List of the leading Daily papers in all the large towns and cities of the United States and Canada.

A List of Two Hundred leading Weekly and Monthly publications, with estimates showing the cost of an advertisement of from 5 to 25 lines, from one week to two months.

A List of prominent Advertisers who have patronized this Advertising Agency, and letters showing the opinions of such men concerning the advantages it offers.

Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Boys.

Some things may be said in favor of boys; some traders would hardly live without them.

The glass-put-in men wouldn't have much to do, and putty would decline if there were no boys to break windows.

There would be no customers for cast-iron peaches and green apples, which come on early in the season, but for the boys, and the doctors wouldn't have so much to do curing cases of cholera morbus arising therefrom.

Boys can be made useful when they have a mind to, and can sell newspapers, black boots, hold horses, and do chores.

In printing offices boys are known as devils; printers have a plain way of speaking.

Boys individually are better than boys collectively.

If there was only one boy in the world I think he would be a good boy. It generally takes at least two boys to get up any mischief.

Have one boy in a store and you can make him useful. Hire a second boy, and their time will be chiefly devoted to chasing one another over the counter, and firing brush and directory at each other's heads.

A boy begins to be a nuisance about the time he is eight years old. How soon he grows out of it depends on circumstances. Some never do.

It is a question whether boys lead an enjoyable existence. They have a great deal of fun at other people's expense, but they have most always got grievances.

They would like to have their way a little more, and a pretty way it would be, too.

Give a boy his choice of an occupation in life, and the chances are that he would prefer to be a Robinson Crusoe, on a desert island, or captain of a band of robbers, such as he has read about, and seriously thinks of going into one or the other of these desirable occupations when he gets to be a man.

He has a great respect for the stage-driver and the captain of a canal boat—there is an air of command in these positions that quite takes his ideas.

His idea of being a man is having plenty of money to spend, doing what you please, and being able to smoke or chew tobacco without getting sick over it.

Charging the Jury.

A Dutch judge in the western country presided at a trial for murder, and on rising to deliver the charge, observed that the prisoner was playing chequers with his custodian, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broadcast person, he thus addressed the jury:

"Misder voreman and t'oder jurymans: Der brisoner, Hans Vieckter, is vinished his game mit der sheriff, and has peat him, but I shall dake care he don't peat me. Hans has peen tried for murder before you, and you must bring in dar vardick, but it must pe 'cording to der law. De man he kill't wasn't kill't at all, as was broved he was in jail for sheep stealing.

"Put dat ish no madder. Der law says ven dere ish a tou't you give 'em to der brisoner, put here dere ish no tou't—so you see der brisoner ish guilty. Pesides, he is a great loafer. I haf know'd him vifty year, and he hasn't tone a sdtich of work in all dat dimes, and der is no one debending ubon him for deir livin' and he is no use to no poty. I dink it would pe a goot plans to hang him for de example. I kink Mr. Voremans, dat he petter be hung next fourt' of July, as der militia ish goin' to drain in anoder gounty, and dere pe no vun goin' on here."

It should be added, to the credit of the jury, in spite of this "learned and impartial charge," they acquitted the "brisoner."

Saved His Whipping.

A little urchin seven or eight years old, in one of our schools where a Miss Blodgett was teacher, composed the following and wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to the great amusement of the boys:—

"A little mouse ran up the stairs,
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers."

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For a punishment she gave him his choice, to make another rhyme in five minutes, or be whipped. So after thinking and blinking, and scratching his head till his time was nearly out, and the teacher was lifting the stick in a threatening manner, at the last moment he exclaimed—

"Here I stand before Miss Blodgett;
She's going to strike, and I'm going to dodge it."

He was sent to his seat.

How to Buy Land.

When you go into the country to buy land, keep a check upon your politeness. It may cost you more than it is worth. In company with a friend who knows the ropes, the writer called upon a widow woman about some land he fancied. He heard that her price was ten dollars an acre. Lifting his hat, and bowing very politely, he was told that fifteen dollars was the price. The friend, who knew her, asked an explanation. She said: "Ten dollars is my price to common customers who just bow, but to a gentleman who is so politeful as to take off his hat in that way, my price is fifteen, and I will not take less. All that fuss comes from a man of money, sure, and I guess he will stand a five on it. If such politeness aint worth five dollars, what are we coming to? Jake, that gentleman has got to pay fifteen dollars an acre, and I know it's worth it to him."

THE CASE OF A GOOD MANY PEOPLE.—A little boy, residing in a village where the small-pox was prevalent, vaccination, its merits and effects, were the theme of talk. Sunday morning Georgie started for Sunday-school. During the exercises the teacher asked Georgie if he had ever been baptised. Small-pox and vaccination happening to be uppermost in Georgie's mind, and being rather too young to know the difference between the sound of "baptized" and "vaccinated," and being ashamed to be thought ignorant, he promptly and *rather* pompously answered: "Yes, sir, I have been baptized five or six times; *but it never took!*"

☞ "Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter; "we have not got it; an' isn't it corn bafe ye mane?"

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

AUNT ELLEN.—"I wonder you are not ashamed to let Arthur do your sums for you every day, Minnie!"

MINNIE.—"Well, but aunty, I always button his boots and gaiters for him!"

THE BEST OFFERING TO O'CONNELL.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

MAY 14TH, 1869.

"The remains of the Liberator were this day transferred from their temporary resting-place where they have reposed since 1847, when he died, with great pomp, to the tomb raised for him by national contribution in Glasnevin Cemetery."—*Dublin News of May 14th.*

Bear his bones, with all pomp, from the place they have kept
For the twenty-two years that have pass'd since he slept,
To the tomb that his Erin has painfully reared
For the Champion she loved, and her enemies feared.

There's a time to note sharply, a time to pass by,
The flaw in the brilliant, the cloud in the sky:
There's a time to be gen'rous, nor narrowly scan
The stains on a mem'ry, the faults in a man.

Standing now by his tomb, who devoted his life,
With wrong and oppression to wage deadly strife,
Till from Captive, Emancipate, Erin he saw,
In the liberty won by the triumph of Law.

Why gauge the alloy that was mixed with his gold?
Earth and matrix why weigh, 'gainst the gems in their hold?
A great work was laid on him, and that work he wrought;
He'd a battle to fight, and that battle he fought.

And he wrought to good end, and he fought till he won,
And the sum of injustice was less 'neath the sun:
Let what smallness or selfishness darkens his name
Be drunk up and drowned in the light of that fame.

Let us think of the warm heart, still open, at need,
To the wronged of his race, the oppressed of his creed:
Untempted by pelf, and undaunted by power,
Too noble to crawl, and too daring to cower.

Let us think of the big brain, and eloquent tongue,
That like Erin's own *clair-seach** now wailed, and now rung,
O'er the wrong of the slaves he was vowed to set free,
Or in praise of his green isle, his gem of the sea!

On the bier that is borne to Glasnevin to-day,
One offering the hand of the Saxon can lay—
The Bill that the Church of the stranger strikes down—
Of the work of *his* life consummation and crown!

Last link of the chain, once red-rusted with gore,
Forged by Saxon for Celt, in the ill-times of yore,
At whose crushing coil, forty long years ago,
His hand struck the first and the deadliest blow!

* The ancient Irish harp.

Shaving in China.

A fellow who has been shaved in China, says that the barber first stropped the razor on his leg, and then did the shaving without the lather. The customer remonstrated, but was told that lather was entirely useless, and had a tendency to make the hair stiff and tough, and was therefore never used by persons who had any knowledge of the face and its appendages.

After the beard had been taken off—and it was done in a very short time—the barber took a long, sharp, needle-shaped spoon, and began to explore his customer's ears. He brought up from numerous little crevices bits of wax and dirt that had been accumulating since his childhood. The barber suddenly twisted his subject's neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebræ had been dislocated.

"Hold on!" shouted the party, alarmed for the safety of his neck.

"All right," replied the tonsor, "me no hurt you;" and he continued to twist and jerk the neck until it was as limber as an old woman's dish-rag."

He then fell to beating the back, breast, arms, and sides with his fists, and pummelled the muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they had received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over his man, dried the skin with towels, and declared that his work was done. Price two cents.

The Censorious Know Not Their Blessings.

It seems as though we were bewitched, so that we cannot enjoy the thing that we have in our hands. For we take our pleasures, as little children take snowflakes to examine them, and they are gone. They dissolve in the looking at them. Specially is this true of moral things—moral treasures. Hours of religious peace, hours of spiritual delight, never seem so precious to us; hours of religious duty are never so dear to us while we have them, and are as it were in their ministrations, as when they are gone. In our religious life we are over finding fault with our fare. We are dainty about our religious privileges, or we are given over to that last folly of conceit; we are setting ourselves to take care of our neighbors's faith. We think ourselves bound to keep the faith pure in the world, and we become hunting-hounds of heresy, and rushing here, and rushing there, hope to smell out somebody's defect, and to cure it, or admonish him therefor. Squandering with discontent the privileges which we now have, memory will hoard every one like a miser. Oh! that wisdom were given us to know what the blessing of the day is, and what the blessing of the hour is, and that we may not see what it is, when, like Christ, it vanishes at the moment of disclosure.—*Beecher.*

☞ Too many noble horses are checked up as tight as they can bear, and spend hours of irritation and agony with a rasping bit in their mouths.

☞ Digesting, not eating, is what gives strength to the body. Thinking, not cramming, gives strength to the mind.

☞ The United States produced twenty-five millions worth of cheese and a hundred millions of butter last year.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Question of Good Heads.

In the making or repairing of a road, it requires the employment of but a small amount of experience and skill. In the laying out of new roads, as sharp hills will not be suitably graded, if graded at all, these hills should be avoided as much as possible, by seeking a route to which the obstacles of a sharp grade will be little, though the road may be longer. A single sharp hill in a road, say five miles long, will have the effect to lessen the burden to be carried one-half, as no matter what may be the excellence of all the rest of the road, it will be governed by this single acclivity. So it is with bad roads. A low point only fifty yards in length, almost always miry and cut through nearly hub deep, will control miles of good road; and these low places can be stoned, bevelled and, drained at an expense frequently of not more than fifty dollars. But there are numerous holes and gullies that are allowed year after year to remain untouched, and are unsafe for even light travel, which an outlay of from ten to twenty-five dollars would permanently remedy. Every farmer who reads this knows that it is so, and he must also know that the wear and tear of vehicles, horses, and harness, to say nothing of the danger and delay, would pay him well if he kept the highways in the best repair along his own premises at his own expense. This, however, can hardly be expected, though we have known some farmers to do so.

As to repairing of roads, let any one who has a knowledge of good roads and how they are kept so, look at the shameful and stupid manner in which a large proportion of our roads are attempted to be repaired. Was there ever more downright ignorance exhibited concerning any matter? Instead of draining the water from the surface of the roads directly into the gutters, it is allowed to run down the hills in the middle of them. A little bank at the road side of the gutter, made by throwing the dirt out there, effectually stops the water from getting into it, and forces it upon the road. In other places, the road instead of being bevelled from the centre to the gutters, is level and sometimes hollow, retaining the water and keeping the ground wet so long as soon to have it cut into deep ruts into which the water runs and remains still longer.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Work-Horses in Spring.

Horses that have been nearly idle and on reduced grain feed during the winter months, should have their grain gradually increased for two or three weeks, and perhaps longer, dependent upon the condition, age, etc., of the animals previous to the commencement of spring work. And as the ground is wet and heavy in early spring, the work also should by all means be gradual. I frequently see ambitious farmers commence to a day with full feed and full work. The result is, the animals become tired, the stomach fails to perform its functions, and a general running down and loss of flesh must inevitably follow. The bones become sharp, chafing and galling easily, and before recovery from all this, the flies are here, and the result is plain to all. I have a span of horses that I work on my farm some, and have driven them on the road more than two thousand miles in the last two or three years, and neither of them has refused a single ration yet, and are as nimble as cats. My management is plain and simple.

1st. If I have a hard day's work to perform, I do not overfeed that day.

2nd. If I must drive ten miles an hour, be sure that my horses have not full feed or water immediately previous to the drive, as a full stomach and violent or over-exertion do not harmonize in man or beast. I have heard some men complain of the condition of their horses, when as they said, they were well fed, say fifteen or twenty ears of corn, three times a day. As there are very many horses that cannot appreciate this amount of sound corn, the simple fact was the animals were grain poor.

3rd. I never feed grain when my horses are very warm—but of water (no matter how warm the animals) I always give a little to cool the mouth and partially quench the thirst.

4th. I give a small quantity of common salt once a week. No drugs of any kind are used—do not believe in drugs for man or beast—or curing one disease by creating a worse one.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Shall we Grow our Tea and Sugar?

Teacups we long ago achieved in American manufactures; the question now is, shall we not grow on our soil the ingredients of our cups of tea?

First, as to the tea plant itself. The Knoxville Press has lately been urging, in a series of noteworthy articles, the culture of tea on American soil. It shows that one enterprising East Tennessee farmer for several years raised all the tea he needed for his family, and of a quality which several gentlemen pronounced "equal to Young Hyson." Whereupon a Rochester paper prints a communication from a gentleman who claims that he, too, has raised from his farm all the tea his family requires. We should not be surprised to hear other similar experiences made public. The question is, therefore, why, if as an amusement or a freak of fancy, tea culture has been a success in climates so widely different as those of Tennessee and New York, it cannot become a serious and profitable enterprise.—*N. Y. Times.*

Cure for Scratches.

Our well informed correspondent at Calais, "P. H. G.," sends a sensible, and we have no doubt effectual remedy for scratches; for we can assure our readers that our correspondent is well informed in regard to the diseases and management of the horse:

"In a paper or two back, inquiry was made about a remedy for scratches. Every owner of a horse ought to look at his fetlocks often and have them kept dry and clean. The cure probably depends a good deal upon the state of the blood. I have never found anything better, after washing the part thoroughly with castile soap and soft water, than a strong tea made of a few cents' worth of white oak bark and sopped in with a sponge, afterward drop on a little glycerine; and generally one or two applications will heal up the crack or sore."—*Exchange.*

Potato Growing Under Straw.

Mr. George Clark, of Ecorse, Mich., recently sent us an account of an experiment by him in potato culture. The potatoes were cut and dropped in trenches which were four feet apart and six inches deep. These trenches were then filled with rye straw and cornstalks, so that, when stepped on, the straw and stalks were about six inches deep. The potatoes were then cultivated and hoed as is usually done with this crop, and the result was a good yield of medium sized and good eating potatoes, very few being rotten or hollow. Potatoes planted at same time and on similar land, but without mulching, gave a poor yield of small potatoes. Mr. Clark estimates his gain, from mulching this half acre, at $100.—*Western Rural.*

RECEIPTS.

The "Rural New-Yorker" is responsible for the following recipe for that great desideratum—Yeast.

YEAST—Best in the World!—Boil 1 pint of hops in 2 gallons of water, (poured on boiling hot,) for six minutes. Strain, and add 1 teacupful of flour, 1 do. of brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt. No yeast is required to raise.

Let it stand 8 days in a warm place: then add 3 pounds of boiled and finely-mashed potatoes: stir well: put it into a jug tightly corked, put now in a cool place. It should not be used for 10 days; and it will keep a long time—growing better all the time. A small teacupful is enough for 6 loaves of bread. When this is gone, make a new jugfull in the same way, and keep it corked tightly—and you need not go to brewers or bakers for yeast.

CREAM PIE.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one-fourth cup cold water, or milk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one and one-fourth cups flour. When cold cut in two and add cream made as follows: Heat one-half pint of milk over a kettle of boiling water, then add one egg, one tablespoonful flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, beaten together, stir until it thickens, flavor with lemon, or vanilla if you please. This will make two pies.

MILK.—In addition to the utmost neatness in washing the milk-room and all vessels used for milk or cream, the Prairie Farmer recommends that dishes containing pulverized charcoal be placed about the room to absorb ammonia and other gases that cannot be otherwise removed. The charcoal should be freshly prepared, and by heating it after it has become partially saturated with gases they are driven off and the charcoal rendered as effectual as at first.

THE RIDDLER.

Scripture Enigma.

Where turned the first of the Philistines' bands?
Whose son the gold and silver vessels weighed?
What half-built town was torn from Baasha's hands?
Whose son to Pul a thousand talents paid?
What town by Shamed, Elpaal's son, was built?
Whence in a basket Paul escaped by night?
Whose son Phinehas slew for daring guilt?
Where did the Syrians with David fight?
Where did the Lord great stones from heaven cast?
What Philistine was by Elhanan slain?
The town whence Peter unto Joppa passed?
Who did in Abram's time o'er Elam reign?
Whose words fresh courage unto Asa gave?
Whose son was roasted in the fire alive?
The stone where Jonathan his warning gave
That Saul would fain his friend of life deprive.

Enigma.

Six letters compose me; my first put away,
I am gloomy and dark, or in shining array.
Take my fourth, third and second, a liquor I make,
Which if too much indulg'd in will cause you to shake.
Fifth, third, second, sixth is a delicate way
Of making appear what you don't like to say.
My sixth, third and second a metal displays,
Well known and employed in various ways.
My first, third and sixth every soldier will know,
And each looks to his own wherever he may go.
My first, third and second, the same class or blood,
Sometimes will be worthy, sometimes not so good.
My whole from the old feudal times has come down,
A title of honor conferr'd by the crown.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

My 1st is in live, but not in die.
My 2d is in boil, but not in fry.
My 3d is in eat, but not in dine.
My 4th is in glitter, but not in shine.
My 5th is in lost, but not in found.
My 6th is in tied, but not in bound.
My 7th is in borrow, but not in lend.
My 8th is in break, but not in bend.
My 9th is in short, but not in tall.
My 10th is in dance, but not in ball.
My 11th is in far, but not in near.
My 12th is in cloudy, but not in clear.
My 13th is in scorn, but not in spurn.
My 14th is in teach, but not in learn.
My whole is a play. CHRISTINE.

Mathematical Problem.

If 12 be divided at random into two parts, and the greater part again divided at random into two parts, what is the average value of the sum of the squares of the three parts? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

There are three numbers in geometrical progression, the greatest of which exceeds the least by 24; and the difference of the squares of the greatest and the least is to the sum of the squares of all the three numbers as 5 is to 7. What are the numbers?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

If a regular beam, forty feet in length, is supported at one end, how far from the opposite end must a support be placed to sustain two-thirds of its weight?

FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

Bryan, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

How many times will a wheel 6 inches in diameter revolve on its own axis in rolling once around a stationary wheel 2 feet in diameter? DIAGIGNOSCO.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are curds like the opposite house? Ans.—Because they are over the *whey*.

☞ When is the Book of Nature studied? Ans.—When autumn turns the leaves, and they are *red*.

☞ Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Ans.—Because he can't go a *step farther*.

☞ Where ought the milk of human kindness to be always found? Ans.—Within the *pale* of the church.

☞ What small animal becomes a large one by being beheaded? Fox—ox.

Answer to Last.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Areopagus, or the Hill of Mars.

TO MAKE A PIGEON PIE.—Procure three young pigeons and one pound of tender rumpsteak, cut about half an inch thick. Remove all the fat from the steak, and lay it at the botton of the pie-dish, and sprinkle over it a seasoning of pounded mace, salt, and cayenne pepper, and upon the top place a layer of pipe maccaroni. Pick, draw, and wash the three pigeons, and fill them in the inside with bread-crumbs, a few button mushrooms (which have been simmered for ten minutes in butter,) the livers of the birds, mixed up with butter, and seasoned with cayenne and salt. Place the pigeons in a row along the dish, with their breasts downward, having first pinned over each of them a slice of fat bacon. Boil four eggs until they are hard, mash the yolks up in a little butter, and place these upon and about the pigeons, with a seasoning, over all, of cayenne, salt, and a little pounded mace. Fill the dish up with strong gravy, and cover with puff-paste. Ornament it elaborately at the top, brush it over with egg, and bake in a well-heated oven.

POTATOES.—The sprouts of the potato contain an alkaloid, termed by chemists *solanine*, which is very poisonous if taken into the system. This does not exist in the tubers, unless they are exposed to the light and air, which sometimes occurs from the accidental removal of the earth in cultivation. A potato that shows a blackish-green tint on one side should never be cooked for the table or fed to stock.